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CAVALIER

JUNE, 1953

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HIROSHIMA

Despite **2** A-Bombs I AM STILL ALIVE

Twice I saw that sheet of light. Twice I heard the rumbling of hell and heard the terrified screams of the bleeding, faceless men of Hiroshima and Nagasaki



by Kenshi Hirota

On August 6, 1945, a uranium bomb was exploded above Hiroshima. Three days later a more powerful plutonium bomb was exploded above Nagasaki. I was beneath both—drawn into the holocausts by a series of events as fantastic as the fact that I am still alive.

At the time, I was employed in the Accounts Section of the Mitsubishi Shipyard in Nagasaki. As more and more Japanese ships went down, it became clear that we would need new and bigger shipyards to offset our losses. Accordingly, plans were drawn up for a new yard to be built at Hiroshima, about 180 air-miles away, and I was sent there to head up the Accounts Section. It was a promotion of sorts, nor could it be refused with the war going the way it was. But for me it meant that my wedding would again be indefinitely postponed. I left Nagasaki reluctantly, my fiancée, Toshiko, remaining behind in tears.

In the following months my duties increased tremendously. Because of the technical nature of my work, I had been exempted from active military service, but I still had to serve many hours a week as a leader in the Reservists' Association. Then, too, my office was always short of help, and many were the times I found myself working around the clock. Fortunately I was young, only 27 in 1945, and I thought I could take it.

Air raid alarms were our big curse. Though Hiroshima was without a mark, other Japanese cities were being terribly hit almost daily, and we thought our turn to be done over could arrive at any moment. Our yards were on the waterfront near Eba Machi, a conspicuous target, so we had many bomb shelters for our workers.

The shelter assigned to our office, capable of withstanding the biggest bombs known to

date, was on a narrow beach just outside our concrete office building, and at each alert we would have to rush there, taking all our documents with us. Even a U.S. weather or reconnaissance plane could force us to take shelter, and afterward an hour or more would be lost in straightening out the documents so hastily grabbed up. So frustrating was this that once, after spending 36 continuous hours on work I could have done in one uninterrupted hour, I thought in my exhaustion I was going crazy.

In June of 1945, other worries began preying upon my mind. Death became uppermost. In Kobe, on a business trip, I left my hotel just as a bomb crashed through the roof, demolishing it on my heels. Back in Hiroshima I was greeted with the information that the war had taken so desperate a turn that no man could consider himself exempt from active service much longer. I became obsessed with the feeling that if I were called up, I would not live a month.

The obsession filled me with a vast resentment against the futility of life. For four years the war had forestalled my marriage. Toshiko had been 16 when we became engaged, and now she was 20. Suddenly I resolved that, come what may, life would not cheat me of the marriage we had so long prayed for. I wrote to her of my resolve, and then, probably more out of my desperation than through any persuasive powers I might have had left, convinced the officials that I should have time off for the wedding. They even cooperated with me, allotting me a nice cottage vacated by an executive called back to active service.

The activity of journeying back to Nagasaki, the wedding, and the return to Hiroshima with my bride did much to take my mind off the thought of death, but somehow it did not relieve a kind of nameless black feeling that never seemed to leave me. With my bride I was myself; on the job I was an automaton.

On August 2nd, my immediate superior noticed my abstract air and wooden movements, and suggested a one-day honeymoon with my bride of two weeks. The resort he suggested was the Miyajima Shrine where, it so happened, I had a friend who ran a hotel. I agreed with him at once, and, quite elated, went home to prepare for the unexpected outing.

Call it superstition if you will. It was a weird part of the pattern of events that were to place me beneath the bombs of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We, who were about to meet the greatest manifestation of the scientific age on August 6th, challenged one of the oldest superstitions in Japan three days earlier. That superstition is the belief that the deity of the Miyajima Shrine, being a beautiful goddess, places a jealous and deadly curse upon young brides who have found happiness in a marriage denied to her.

Being young Japanese of the new school, we scoffed and visited her shrine. Yet on the way back to our hotel, we could not escape wishing that we hadn't.

I had to work overtime to make up for our holiday, which meant that instead of spending the night of August 5th at home, I had to leave after a hurried supper and carry on with the night shift. As usual, I was wearing my regular uniform which included, among other things, a steel helmet worn slung over the shoulder, and spiral puttees of heavy wool. I remember very clearly saying, "I'll be home early tomorrow," but I have never remembered what my wife replied.

There was alarm after alarm that night. Each time when we emerged after the all-clear signal, we would look up from the shelter trying to locate the planes. All we could see were the stars, the brightest I have ever seen, and I commented on the fact that when a city is blacked out the stars look even brighter than they do in the open country. But because of the many interruptions our work was unfinished, even though we worked through the dawn. Our work was never to be finished.

It was after dawn, around 6 a.m., when a final alert signal sent us racing to the shelter. This time we were not too worried. It was about the time of the arrival of the daily U.S. weather observation plane which never dropped bombs, but which we could never ignore because there was the chance that it might. We expected the all-clear in a few minutes, and I became annoyed when it didn't sound. I was worried about my wife. Until our marriage of three weeks ago, she had never spent a night alone in her life, and the solitude, with enemy bombers aloft, terrified her. I wanted to get home badly.

Finally, at 8 o'clock, the all-clear sounded, and I began carrying my documents back to my office. I had a lot of them—two loads—and it was upon returning on my second trip that the thing happened.

The time was 8:15 a.m. I was walking down the corridor with my arms full, passing one open office door after another. Suddenly each open door became a fantastically white sheet. I see each door that way now—the corridor dark, and the doorways a blinding white. Then all the light in the world burst into the corridor and engulfed me. I thought, or rather I now have the impression of thinking, that a bomb had crashed through the roof to burst right in my face.

I stood there motionless, completely incapable of movement. What I relate now is pieced together from my own experiences plus facts collected later. You must realize that what happened happened so fast that no man was capable of grasping it at the time. I stood there for five seconds while this brilliant light dashed itself at my eyes, now pink, now yellow, now whiter than ever. Then came a sound that, at its very beginning, was more stunning than the noise of the bomb that had missed me at Kobe. And the sound grew like a great train rushing over me, with me lying bound to the ties.

Somewhere in the midst of this awful sound I flung

Both men and women walk the streets of Hiroshima and Nagasaki with bomb scars tattooed all over their bodies.



A Japanese baby screws up her face in agony from burns suffered when the big blast ripped Nagasaki apart.



Horrible as these welts are, they are mild compared to cases where the entire skin slipped off the flesh.



myself to the floor, instinctively wrapping my head in the documents I carried. I was there a full 10 minutes without any reduction in the intensity of the sound—10 minutes before my mind was capable of wondering why I wasn't dead. If I had been in the midst of a bomb blast, such reason as I had left told me I should be blown to bits. Yet here I was all in one piece. Or was I? Maybe I was disintegrated. Maybe my thoughts were spirit thoughts, and the sound I heard was the noise created in space as my soul rushed to eternity.

At this point my active consciousness took over. I looked up at the ceiling. There was no hole. The corridor walls, though cracked and leaning inward, looked fairly sound. Straining my self-control to the utmost, I told myself that I was alive and unhurt, that the bomb had fallen outside, out in the shipyards, and that we in the office building had been spared the full blast. It was no worse, I told myself, than my experience in Kobe. But even as I told myself that, I knew it was worse, much worse.

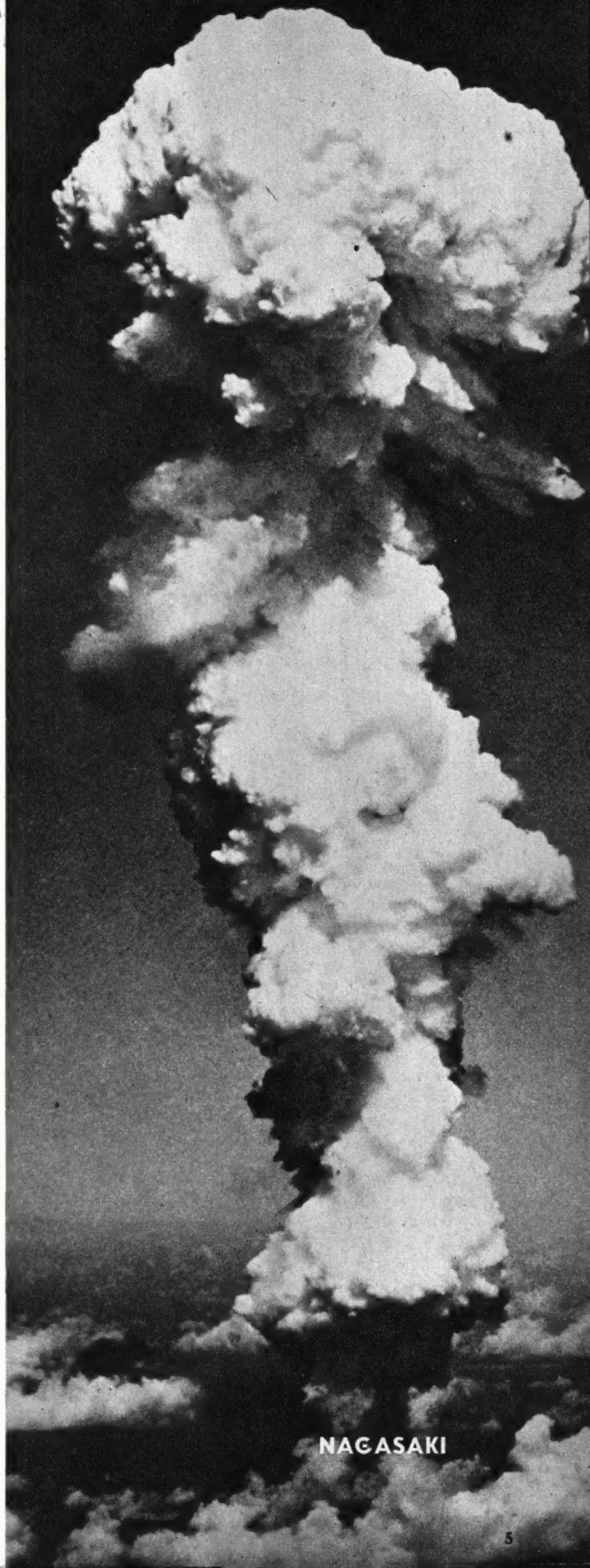
The indescribably awful sound continued, but through it now I became aware of a moaning sound, a blending of terrible groans and high screams. I lurched to my feet, and staggering as though walking over uneven ground in the dark, made my way to the shambles that had been my office. At that instant there rushed from my office door two figures that I recognized, from their aprons, as the carpenters who had been building some wooden file cabinets for me. Their heads, at first glimpse, were nothing but fountains of blood. I was so shocked by these hideous apparitions that I didn't even think. I jumped through my door, leaving one of my sandals behind me. I landed in a mass of finely broken glass on the floor, and the pain from my cut foot did much to return me to my senses.

I saw, then, that the two carpenters had not been beheaded, but that their faces had been literally cut to ribbons by flying glass. What parts of their faces were not covered with cuts and blood were colored a brilliant scarlet. From holes that had been their mouths came inhuman cries. Even as I looked at them, they turned from me and ran down the corridor, dashing themselves from one wall to the other.

I remember next recovering my sandal and thinking I must get to the main office where my help might be needed. But when I got there the sight was too much for my failing strength. It seemed that blood was everywhere. In one corner a female clerk was trying to replace the hair that had been scalped from her head, screaming in a shrill monotone, "Mother! Mother!"

Men of 50 years and 60, too old for the draft and normally dignified, were howling like idiots. Desks had been blown into splinters; glass covered the debris like dust. Papers, shredded and torn, fluttered in a breeze that seemed to come from everywhere. Yet even in my dazed terror I could see no way in which [Continued on page 74]

Jap prisoners, these Javanese soldiers were at the Nagasaki PW camp during blast. Where bodies were "shaded" by clothing, they went unharmed. Exposed areas suffered.



NAGASAKI

“Corpsman Up Front!”



Larry Katz.

He was a sailor without a ship, a marine without a rifle. But Larry Katz had guts. So when his buddy's call for help came, he answered it on the double—and ran right into a new form of Chinese torture

By Larry Katz, HN, USN
Winner of the Silver and Bronze Stars

I knew before the patrol began that if I got it this time, I had only myself to blame.

Two years in the Navy and I'd gone and broken the first rule a guy learns—don't volunteer for anything.

But when word came back from the 2nd Platoon that a corpsman was needed—because one of their guys was set to leave for Truman's Island the next day, and was afraid the last patrol would be the jinx—I found my big mouth opening. And I heard a familiar voice saying, “I'll go.”

Soon as I said it, the feeling hit me. Something bad was going to happen. Something real bad. This sure wasn't the thing to do if I wanted Rotation to catch up with me before a chunk of mortar fire did.

I couldn't shake the feeling. But the patrol wouldn't pull out for another hour, so I sat down and wrote Sylvia, my wife back in Baltimore, pregnant with our first baby, a farewell letter. I addressed it from Able Company, 5th Regiment, 1st Marine Division, Somewhere in Korea, and gave it to a buddy in the 1st Platoon

to mail in case I didn't come back. Then I felt a lot better.

I checked my Unit One Kit, tucked in a fresh supply of the precious Serum Albumen we use instead of plasma, and checked in with the 2nd platoon's CO. Two of my best buddies, Padgett and Llewellyn, were there already. When they heard I'd volunteered, they did too, to make sure I didn't get into trouble.

The lieutenant briefed us. We were to make contact with the enemy on three key ridges, X, Y, Z in the no-man's land of Bunker Hill that lay in front of us.

The point of the patrol moved down the slope toward ridge Y, with two Marines, the CO and an Air Force Captain for jet fire control leading the way. The main body sprawled out under cover along the slope, waiting for the signal to move up. I sprawled out idly looking over a terrain map. So far, so good. Guess that farewell letter was over-dramatic. This mission wasn't going to be as tough as I'd thought.

Off in the distance I heard thunder rumbling. Hell, I thought, would it ever stop raining here?

The urgent shout of "Corpsman up front!" roused me from my reverie. Thunder nothing! That must have been enemy fire. I grabbed my helmet and Unit One, and raced up the rocky slope, my heart pounding like a 155.

"Where is it? Where are they?" I yelled as I ran. When I struggled toward the crest of the ridge, I found a small group crouched just below the ridge line behind a shoulder of huge boulders. "It's Warren and Leo," they told me. "They're out in the open on the table top right in front of us. Gook small arms fire covering it—and mortars dropping in. First one got the captain. We pulled him in. Second one got the other two. Can you get to 'em?"

I peered out through a man-sized crevice. There was Warren all right. I couldn't see Leo. Warren was about ten yards in on the right side of a table that couldn't be more than 20 yards long and 15 wide. A line of rocks like the one shielding us was directly behind him. Probably with Gooks behind it, I thought.

I pulled off my bullet-proof vest and field jacket. Had

to work fast, and they'd only hinder my movements. Off came my helmet, and I wriggled out and belied toward Warren.

As I reached Warren's side, I looked up suddenly at the boulder behind him. I got the shock of my life. A leering Oriental face stared at me. The Gook spat out, "Marine, you die!" and disappeared.

I lay there wondering why the Gook hadn't killed me. He must want to use me as bait for the others, I decided. Well, I could do Warren some good before the end. I eyed him carefully. His right leg was a mess. Badly compounded fractures. I felt his chest. He pointed weakly to his right side. I lifted his arm, and whistled. A sucking wound, bubbling like Old Faithful. I dressed it quickly, applied a bandage, and then tied his arm down to keep out air.

I grabbed his M-1 and placed it along his battered leg as a splint. Reaching into my Unit One Kit, I pulled out a roll of bandage and wrapped it around and around 'til the splint was secure. Then I pulled out the serum albumen and looked around [Continued on page 72]



The Man Who

Billy Coupland's creed was, "Leap Before You Look" — and he did! He had to be taught that it takes guts to be afraid

By Steve Frazee

Illustrated by Paul Kresse

In the eighteenth level of the Wellington mine Long John Teller waited in the water drip near the shaft to see the impossible.

For 25 years he had been superintendent of the Wellington, and before that a miner. If what Burt Tucker said was true, and Long John saw it with his own eyes, he could retire with the knowledge that he had seen about everything that could happen in a mine. He stretched his shoulders and damned his rheumatism.

The carbide lamp on his hat did not kill all the blackness ahead of him. The light went out to the rusting safety chains and then wavered against the darkness of the shaft itself. The Wellington was a vertical hole—1,350 feet to the surface from where Long John stood, 106 feet down to the water sump at the bottom.

Long John waited and moved his shoulders against the dampness.

High in the shaft he heard the hollow sound of the descending bucket. Seconds later it dropped past him and went on down. It was gone so quickly Long

John did not see the tail rope fastened to the bottom, the rope by which miners swung the hanging bucket into position under chutes.

But the tail rope was there, Long John knew, and he was vitally interested in it. He heard the thump of waste spilled from a chute below. Some of it spilled over and splashed into the sump. Billy Coupland was loading his buckets mighty fast—and carelessly. In a moment he would send the signal to hoist.

Long John put his light on the cable. Up on the surface of the earth the huge electric hoist was getting ready to take back the steel rope it had given. The cable began to move—a straight line trembling a trifle, but Long John knew the bucket was being whisked toward daylight at terrific speed.

What happened next left him loose-jawed.

The bucket flashed past and, in the instant of its passing, a man clinging to the tail rope swung over and transferred himself to the safety chains. He climbed over the chains and stood blinking at Long John. Then Billy Coupland grinned.

He was young and bare-headed—lean even in his



Didn't Know Fear



In the blackness of the Wellington mine, the three men fought.
Then Billy tripped Jumbo and Long John kicked him unconscious.

heavy digging clothes. All Long John could say for a moment was, "Where's your hardboiled hat, you idiot!"

"It gets in my way when I ride the tail rope."

Long John still did not want to believe. That bucket traveled more than 1,400 feet in seconds!

"What the hell's the idea, Billy!"

"I get lonesome down there between buckets."

"Lonesome! Lone—" Long John choked on the word. He started to yell, "You're fired!" He could fire Greg Coupland's son all right, and call old Greg in Arizona and tell him all about it, and Greg would say, "I don't blame you for firing him, Long John, but why did you let him do those things in the first place?"

"I got the hang of it now. Just before I get to the station I kick one foot against the wall. The first day I nearly missed twice but—"

"Shut up!" Long John tried to think. "Shut up!" he said.

Show the kid the ropes, old Greg had said. Teach him mining the hard way, so when he takes over the mine or whatever he decides to do, he won't be a brat with a lot of money and no idea of where it comes from. "I'm his father," Greg had said, "but you'll be his boss, see? That makes a big difference."

And then Greg Coupland had gone to Arizona for the winter.

Long John heard the sound of the bucket returning. He saw Billy straddle the safety chains and make sure his gloves were on tightly.

"Hey!" Long John yelled.

The bucket shot past. Billy leaped out into the air. His hands caught the cable. He wrapped his legs around it and slid out of sight.

"Oh my God!" Long John groaned. He ran to the safety chains and looked down.

"Nothing to it!" Billy yelled.

Long John reached toward the signal, glad that it was electric because he didn't think he had the strength to pull a wire. When the loaded bucket stopped before him, he signaled "Men On," got aboard and signaled "Hoist." He was taken to the surface carefully.

Burt Tucker, the shift boss, was standing near the gallops frame, a questioning look on his face. He was Long John's son-in-law, a big man with penetrating eyes. The day Long John retired Tucker would replace him, a fact which made Long John sometimes wonder if Tuck wasn't trying to hurry things.

"He did it," Long John said. "I saw it. My God! Get him out of there this minute and put him to work on top."

"The kid won't learn to mine up here."

"He won't live to learn down below!"

Long John flexed his shoulders.

"Rheumatism bothering you?"

"No! Where'd you get that damned fool idea?" Long John flexed his shoulder again.

Tucker said, "What beats me is that the kid was never a smart alec."

"Maybe he wasn't, but he is now."

Billy Coupland had been around the Wellington a lot when he was growing up, and everybody liked him—even if he was the owner's kid. But the first day he went to work—that was something else. He marched out to the shaft and deliberately pranced around on the ice near the open hole—hundreds of feet deep.

Watching had made men's stomachs twist.

Tucker gave him a mucking job, shoveling waste into tram cars. He did well enough, but he liked to scale down dangerous slabs with a pick. Then they tried Billy at tramming, pushing cars of ore or waste.

The safety features of the Wellington made it impossible to put a car down the shaft accidentally from one of the levels, but it seemed that Billy set about to see if the job could be done. So they transferred him to the sump rat's

job, where the worst he could do was fall about 20 feet into water.

That was when he started riding the tail rope of the bucket.

"What are we going to do?" Long John asked now.

"Let him tram from the shaft to the dump for a while," Tucker said. "You know what's wrong with him? He's scared to death and trying to prove he ain't. He's trying to convince not only us but himself."

"Hell! He hasn't got sense enough to be scared."

"That's it, just the same. He's the owner's son. He thinks that's against him. And he thinks miners go down a hole with no more fear than walking along a street. He doesn't know that every man who works underground carries fear with him every step."

Long John grunted. "Big words! What's the cure?"

"Maybe to scare him pea-green. Give him a dose of terror that will make him glad to see daylight everytime he comes out of the hole."

"You said he was scared now."

"Not the real, healthy way he ought to be. Next week Jumbo Wilson's helper is quitting. I'll put Billy to tending chuck on Wilson's drill. Jumbo is an old head. Maybe he can help straighten Billy out."

"Yeah," Long John said. It was more growl than word. . . .

They cut the cable on Billy when he went down in the cage alone to become Jumbo Wilson's chuck-tender. That is, the engineer dropped him about twice as rapidly as the fastest express elevator runs. When the cage began to slow up for the station, young Billy should have felt his knees in his stomach. He had plummeted a thousand feet in no time.

He should have been scared.

Jumbo was waiting for him. Jumbo said afterward that the kid was wobbly for a step or two, but then he grinned and said, "It sure takes a long time to get to work here."

Jumbo Wilson was a steady man, easy going. He never cursed a stuck drill or fought his machine. But after four days of Billy Coupland, Jumbo was a changed man. He did not seem to hear the latest dryroom stories about the new beerslinger in the Hardrock Bar and once Long John saw him trying to tie boot laces that were already tied.

Long John and Tucker caught Jumbo after a shift one evening. "How's the kid doing?" Long John asked.

"Fine! Good!" Jumbo nodded. "Good helper."

"What's the trouble, Jumbo?" Tucker asked quietly.

The driller scowled. "We light a fuse and there he stands, counting until he's barely got time to get clear. Twice I grabbed him and lugged him away. You know how I hate the smell of burning fuse. It chokes me worse than anything."

"I'll send him down the hill!" Long John said.

"He crimps caps with his teeth," Jumbo said. "When he does that, I can't breathe natural."

A sensitive dynamite detonator was meant to be affixed to the fuse with a crimper designed for the purpose. In the old days of mining Long John had seen men crimp caps with their teeth, and he had helped carry some of them away.

"No use to can him," Jumbo said. "It ain't that he's smart or mean, it's just that—" Jumbo did not know what it was. "I like the kid."

Long John said, "I'm getting so the sight of him makes me shudder. If it wasn't for Greg Coupland—What can we do with him, Jumbo?"

"I'm going to get drunk," Jumbo said.

He did. He was easy-going even then, but at last in the Hardrock Bar two tough drillers from the Shamrock mine needed him into a fight. They hammered on him for a while and then Jumbo lost his temper and wiped the floor up with both of them. The Wellington crew took the victory to themselves heartily.

In the dryroom the next morning Billy walked up to

Jumbo while the driller was lacing his boots. "Do you like to fight, Jumbo?" the kid asked in a strained voice.

Jumbo grinned sheepishly. "Naw!"

Burt Tucker watched the kid sharply.

"You have to be blind mad or all souped up with liquor before you'll fight. Is that it?" Billy asked.

"I just don't care about fighting."

"You mean you're really afraid."

"It's not that," Jumbo glanced at Tucker.

"Sure it is," Billy said. "Fight me right now, just for fun."

Jumbo sent another puzzled look at Tucker, who said, "Cut it out, kid. Jumbo might sneeze and knock you over a bench."

The big driller got up and started to walk away. Billy spun him around and hit him in the jaw. Jumbo blinked. Billy hit him in the stomach. Jumbo looked at Tucker. The next blow smacked against the driller's nose. He shook his head and knocked Billy Coupland as cold as sump water with one open-handed swipe.

"What the hell's the matter with him?" Jumbo asked.

Tucker said, "Right now he's all right. It's when he's conscious that he worries me." He waved the day shift out of the dryroom and got some water.

When Billy came to, he worked his jaw and said, "I guess Jumbo ain't afraid after all." He was completely puzzled. Tucker felt sorry for him. He sent Billy down to Level Sixteen to tram, and then went to see Long John.

"We'd better fire him," Long John said. "He'll have the men saying we're scared to."

"I tell you he's afraid of being afraid. The only reason he takes a poke at Jumbo is to see if he has the guts to do it. Now his fear of him is natural, like you or me sizing up a man we know we couldn't whip."

Tucker nodded toward the shaft. "But down there—that's some different. That comes to him at night. You know what it is to wake up thinking of caving rock you can't get from under, or of slipping on a wet ladder with a thousand feet below you in the dark, or of drilling into a loaded hole that didn't go. Billy's trying to face those things in advance and that's why he's a wild man around the mine. That kid has got to get a jolt of real fear that will make his heart stop for a minute."

"I wouldn't care if it stopped for two or three days," Long John said. There might be sense in Tucker's diagnosis and there might not be.

"Let's try the Headless Man," Tucker said.

Long John stared at him.

Before Tucker was born the Headless Man had made it hard to keep miners in the Wellington. It started on the sixth level after eight miners were killed in an open stope. A thousand tons of rock came in one night and caught the whole crew on the level.

Thereafter the legend of the Headless Man began. He followed the levels down as the mine went deeper. He appeared silently in remote drifts, dark with blood, carrying his head in his hands, his candle floated in air before him. He was, of course, one of the eight dead men who could not rest.

Long John said uneasily, "I don't like your idea, Burt."

But in the end Tucker, and a younger generation, overrode old Long John's reluctance.

The day shift set the stage. . . .

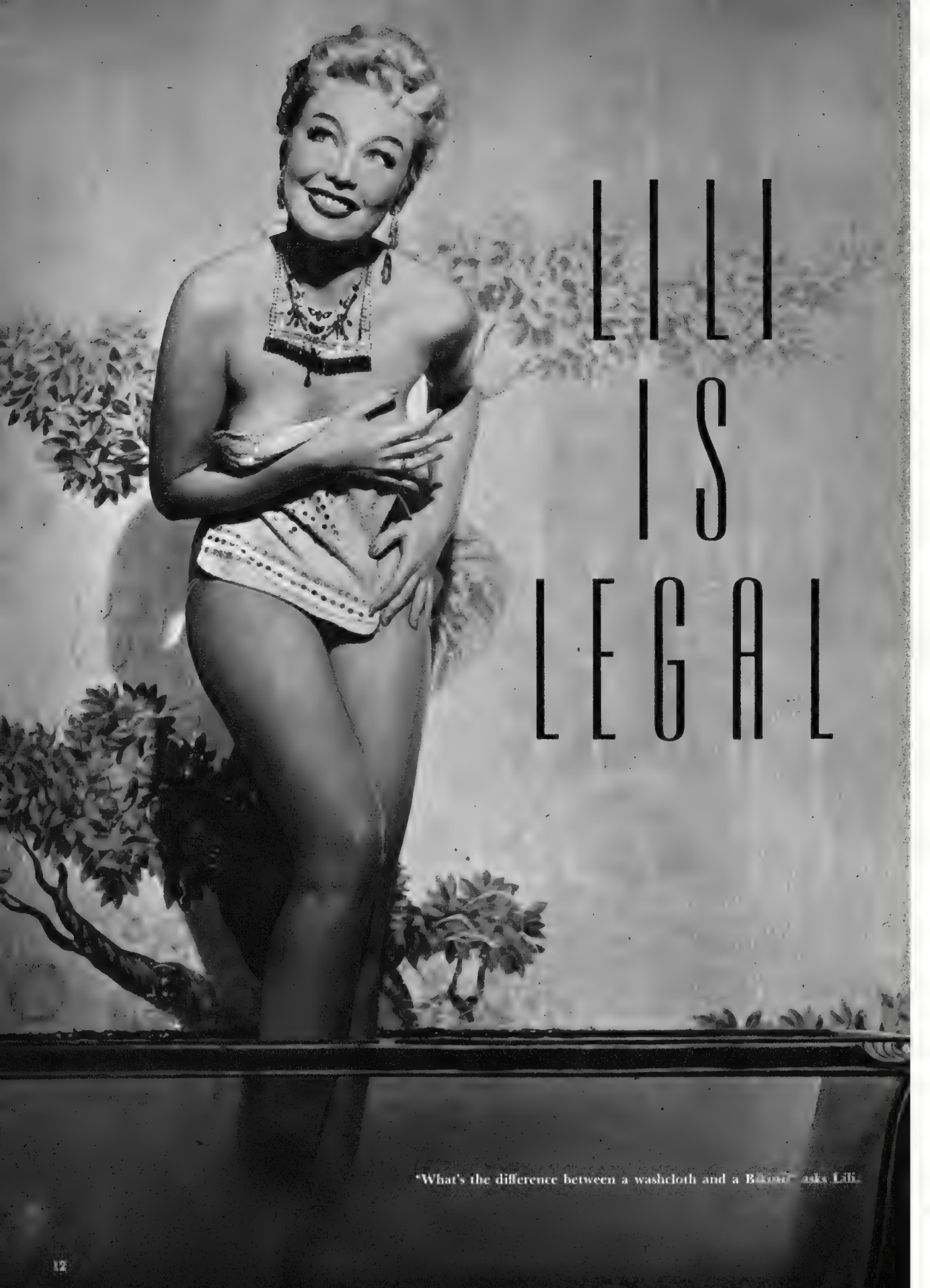
Level Sixteen was the place where Billy trammed alone. The drifts ran out from both ends of the shaft. Just beyond the station in the east drift a branch tunnel, long abandoned and partly caved, intersected with the bore where Billy worked. The plan was to have the Headless Man come out of the branch tunnel just as Billy reached the intersection.

Across the shaft, in the west drift, most of the crew would be waiting to see the fun.

At the last moment Tucker thought of calling the whole thing off. It was not the kind of [Continued on page 65]



The bucket flashed past and, in the instant of its passing, a man clinging to the tail rope swung over and landed near the blinking, angry figure of Long John.



LILI IS LEGAL

"What's the difference between a washcloth and a Bikini?" asks Lili.

The police looked over Lili's act and saw red, but the jury gave her the green light

For one whose attractions are so . . . educational, Lili St. Cyr has a remarkable talent for trouble. Take her celebrated clash with the law.

It all began with a simple, but artistic, act put on by Lili for the patrons of exclusive Ciro's, famous Hollywood nightclub. A girl comes home from shopping, undresses, takes a bath, tries on several gowns, receives a telephone call from the boy friend, gets dressed and leaves. Nothing odd there except, perhaps, that it all takes place on a stage.

But, as a result of this little sketch, Lili found herself in Beverly Hills Justice Court, charged with having presented an indecent performance. Under the skilled questioning of her attorney, famed Jerry Giesler, Lili carefully related each scene of her act. Her modesty, she insisted, was always protected by her maid, who stood between her and the audience during the disrobing—though cross-examination revealed that she was billed as "The Best Dressed, Undressed Lady in the Theater."

"Did you have any intention of exposing your person lewdly?" her attorney asked.

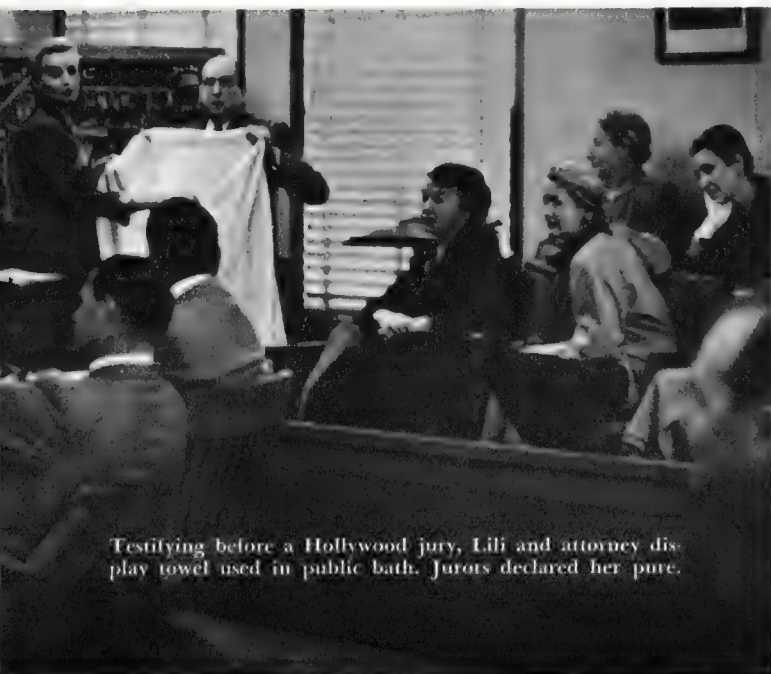
"No," she replied quietly, and as for making "bedroom" gestures at a picture of a young man on the wall—what kind of girl did they think she was?

Incredulous, the prosecutor asked, "Isn't it rather unusual to take off your dress to try on a hat?"

"Not at all," replied Miss St. Cyr.

So the jury acquitted her. After all, what could be more natural?

Whether she's dressed and haughty or naked and naughty, Lili St. Cyr has a certain something. Now what could that be?



Testifying before a Hollywood jury, Lili and attorney display towel used in public bath. Jurors declared her pure.





BEFORE police hauled her into a Beverly Hills court, Lili did her public bathing in this gaudy, though opaque, tub.

AFTER a jury of men and women acquitted her of lewdness, Lili made tub transparent. Nothing succeeds like success.



Her \$5,000 a week is one good reason for the St. Cyr radiance.



LILI ON THE TELEPHONE

Hollywood police strenuously objected to Lili's "torrid, tantalizing movements on a divan while talking to her lover on the phone." In court, prosecutor couldn't understand why any girl should get so active.



My Plane was

Shooting the pilot and purser in cold blood, the crazed Chinese held a pistol to the co-pilot's head, forcing him to steer for Red China.



Living in modern Manila, one forgets too soon that the great South China Sea lies just beyond the bay, that the west wind blows heavy with the touch of the Orient, and that strange things can happen in a clear sky. Strange things like having your pilot and purser murdered in mid-air; like having your plane rocked by enemy shell fire from below; like having your wings torn by the guns of "friendly" planes from above; like landing in China while on a routine flight across the Philippines.

Airports, people will tell you, are the same the world over. The same paved runways, the same trim aircraft, the same gasoline trucks and service carts, and the same crisp efficiency. Nothing, they say, ever happens to interrupt routine; nothing *can* happen.

And until that fateful morning of December 30, 1952, I was, in my freshness from the United States, inclined to agree with them.

My trip had indeed been routine. With Miss Mary Alice Ireton, a fellow employee of the U.S. Information Service, I had been on an inspection tour of our facilities in various cities of the Philippine Islands, hopping uneventfully by

plane from one place to the next. On this particular morning we had wound up our work at Laoag, a city in the north-western corner of Luzon and only 18 degrees from the equator, and were looking forward to the flight that would, with a few stop-overs, get us back to Manila in ample time to welcome in the New Year.

The sun, even at 10 a.m., was blindingly brilliant, and waves of heat were shimmering above the runways when we arrived at the Laoag Ilocos Norte airport. I was grateful for the protecting gloom of the waiting room and the cooling whirl of electric fans, and after the sun-blindness left my eyes I looked around to see if we might know any of those flying with us. There would be, I saw, seven of us, but of them all I knew only Mr. Carlos Baranda, a Manila business man whose tales of his wife and seven children had done much to brighten our previous meetings. Of the others, one was an attractive Filipina, whom we were to know as Miss-Arcilla Barrera, one was a strikingly handsome Chinese youth of 25, so sharply dressed in a leopard-cloth sport jacket as to arouse an awed ejaculation from Miss Ireton, and the other two were a conservatively dressed Chinese father and his teen-aged son.

MURDERER

Chinese Nationalist soldiers grabbed Ang Tin Chok as he cockily alighted from hijacked DC-3 at Quemoy airport. Ang thought he had steered plane to his home town in Red China.



Hijacked

Marshall E. Nunn

For some reason, and with a nameless sort of uneasiness, I glanced several times at the flashily-clad Chinese youth. The spoiled son of some wealthy Chinese merchant who had fled to Manila ahead of the Red army, I decided.

The decision did not calm my thoughts about him, however. Before leaving Manila, I had been following the story of just such a youth in the newspapers. It was quite a story, and the Manila reporters had lost none of it in the telling.

On December 12th this newsworthy 25-year-old Chinese named Ang Tiu Chok had interrupted morning classes at the Philippine Chinese high school in Manila. He had drawn a gun, and ordered from her class a 16-year-old girl named Socorro Lim with whom he was madly infatuated. As the newspapers reported it, he was convinced that in spite of everything that had gone before, the girl was madly in love with him, and would flee with him anywhere. When she flatly refused, he shot her twice through the chest and fled.

About a year before, Ang had kidnapped Socorro from in front of her school but was captured and put in jail. They wanted to deport him to his native Amoy in Red



After his terrifying experience of being held prisoner aboard a plane by a merciless murderer, the author is interviewed at Manila, where he is attached to U.S. Embassy.

VICTIMS

Capt. Pedro C. Peralta (left), who served on Bataan, and purser Eduardo Diago (right) were slain. Before his mad flight, Ang shot 16-year-old Socorro Lim (center) for refusing to become his wife.





Firing from inside pilot's compartment, Ang shot twice through door, killing purser who knocked on door, then tried to force entry.

Author and fellow-passenger scrawled SOS signs with lipstick on seat covers to attract attention of Nationalist fighter planes.



China but he fought the move. Then, at an immigration hearing, he grabbed a gun and broke away. A posse took up his trail, and a desperate gun battle followed. Ang seriously wounded a patrolman in the fray, then was dropped with a near-fatal bullet.

On June 4th, after a long convalescence, Ang broke out of jail, one theory being that he managed his escape by climbing out of the jail toilet window. That was the last seen of him until his appearance at the high school where he pumped the two bullets into Socorro Lim.

This was the story that flashed through my mind as I noticed the young Chinese.

Our flight was announced at 10:30 a. m., and as we filed out I could not resist a closer look at the youth in the leopard-cloth coat. In the open, striding but a few paces ahead of me, he looked even bigger than he had in the waiting room—a six-footer with the formidable build and lithe movements of a prize fighter. But his face and manner reassured me. As he climbed the few steps into the plane, his smile at the purser was so amiable and friendly, his manner so calm and composed, that my suspicions relaxed at once. No desperate fugitive wanted for two attempted murders could possibly look as harmless as the fop ahead of me. Or so I thought as I followed him into the plane.

The plane was a DC-3 of the type so familiar in the United States, with a single row of seats on one side of the aisle and a double row on the other. I seated Miss Ireton in a single seat, gave Mr. Baranda the seat by the window, and then took the aisle seat between them. These arrangements were no sooner completed than the plane began to taxi out to the end of the runway. At 10:37 we left the ground.

For the next few minutes we were busy watching the scenery below us. Luzon is an island of immense contrasts. Jungles unexplored by white men crowd upon modern express highways. Ragged mountains rise abruptly out of vast plains as flat as lakes. Villages, unchanged for centuries, exist on the very outskirts of modern cities. Only a few weeks ago a tribe of blond pygmies was found less than a hundred miles from the white lights of Manila, living in a state of primitive cannibalism that has been completely by-passed by civilization for 15,000 years. For all that we could tell, such pygmies might well be living in the wild mountains over which we were flying at that very moment.

Our first scheduled stop was at the city of Aparri, 100 miles due east of Laoag, with nothing but mountains in between. I kept leaning across Mr. Baranda, watching those mountains, when the right wing of the plane seemed to rise up to slap me in the face. At the same instant we dropped sickeningly to the left. I grabbed the seat ahead of me and glanced wildly over my left shoulder. The left wing was pointed straight down into the jungle, and we were falling completely out of control.

I remember Mr. Baranda half-standing beside me saying, "Are we going to crash? Are we going to crash?" At the same instant the plane righted itself and pulled up with a violence that slammed Mr. Baranda into his seat as though he had been hit with a pile driver. My own stomach seemed driven down to my knees. The air was full of falling blankets, pillows and hand baggage dislodged from the over-head racks.

We waited tensely for the next shock that would indicate a final crash. But the seconds passed without interruption. The plane continued smoothly on course, and we began to breathe again, smiling wanly at each other.

The purser, Eduardo Diago, a handsome, friendly youth, came forward from his seat in the rear, calmly picking up the scattered baggage and murmuring words of assurance. "Just a bad down-draft," he told me with a smile. "The mountains, you know."

As he worked his way forward, I had time to look around me at the other passengers. Miss Ireton was her composed, smiling self, and the rest looked fully recovered from their fright.

I was just about to turn back to the window again when I heard two muffled reports. Purser Diago, about to open the door to the pilot's compartment, seemed to pause in the act and half-turn back. As he turned, I saw blood spurt from his head. He was still turning as he fell, his feet in the aisle, his head and shoulders between the wall and the two empty front seats. Two bullet holes in the compartment door stared at me.

If we had been momentarily panicked by the sudden drop of the

plane, we were now petrified. Being an eye-witness to murder is shocking enough on the ground, but to witness death while being held helpless in the sky, with a killer at large on the flight deck, is to experience a shock that transcends all normal fears. For long seconds I could only sit frozen, staring at my hands on my knees, watching the blood drain from them.

The frozen numbness of my brain gave way to flashes of wild conjecture. What was going on forward? Had the pilot or co-pilot gone crazy? If it was murder-suicide, why did all we passengers have to be taken along for the ride? Or was it a Communist plot? Was some desperate Red trying to steal the airplane, passengers and all?

I began counting the passengers, but could not tell anything that way. An empty seat might indicate a missing passenger, and then again it might indicate a passenger who had sensibly dived to the floor. I did not dare get up. My head was directly in line with the eye-level bullet hole in the door, and behind that bullet hole I could sense the baleful eye of the killer. He might not like my moving about.

Miss Ireton tapped my arm, and I jumped, startled. She pointed to the seat ahead of her.

"The man in the leopard-cloth coat," she said. "He's missing."

So that was it. In the gloom of the airplane after the bright light on the ramp, in the confusion of getting settled, and in the excitement of the first few minutes of flight, I had not noticed what passengers had taken what seats. Nor could any of us recall at what moment the sharply-clad youth had gotten up to go forward to the flight deck. All we knew with certainty was that he had been seated when we took off, and that he was not in his seat now.

The feeling that our man in the leopard-cloth coat and Ang Tiu Chok, the desperate fugitive from Manila, were one and the same began to grow into a certainty. To clinch the hunch, the plane began a slow turn, and when it straightened out the sun that had come in our right windows now came through the left. We reached the coast, flew along it a bit as though the pilot were seeking a landmark, and then with a sharp bank to the right we turned almost due north. We were out over the South China Sea, heading for—what?

The suspense for those of us in the passenger compartment was almost unendurable, but had we known the actual facts we would have been even more terrified. Up forward, as recounted to me later by Co-Pilot Felix Gaston, a drama was unfolding that for sheer terror and horror surpasses anything I have heard from the old China hands.

The man in the leopard-cloth coat, who was indeed Ang Tiu Chok, had slipped into the pilot's compartment a few minutes after take off. His gun was held lightly in his hand as he handed Captain Pedro Perlas a typewritten note reading: "Do not be alarmed. I am a desperate man. This is a stick-up. Do not talk to each other."

Captain Perlas read the note slowly, and then casually handed it over to Co-Pilot Gaston. It was an easy move, calculated to allay the gunman's suspicion and transfer his attention to the co-pilot. When the pilot was sure this had happened, he gave the wheel a sharp swing to the left, at the same time applying full right rudder. The plane had dropped on its side like a stone, but Ang was not to be caught off balance. Steadying himself with his hand, he coolly fired two shots, killing Captain Perlas instantly.

Instinctively Co-Pilot Gaston pulled the plane out of its side-slip, fighting off the dead weight of the captain on the controls to do so. "All this time I'm thinking I'm a dead duck," he told me.

Gaston continued to fly on the course to Aparri, still thinking he might be able to talk Ang out of his idea of hijacking the plane for an escape flight to Amoy in Red China. Then came the purser's knock on the door. Whirling like the leopard he dressed to resemble, Ang fired two shots through the door, and instantly returned the smoking weapon to Gaston's head.

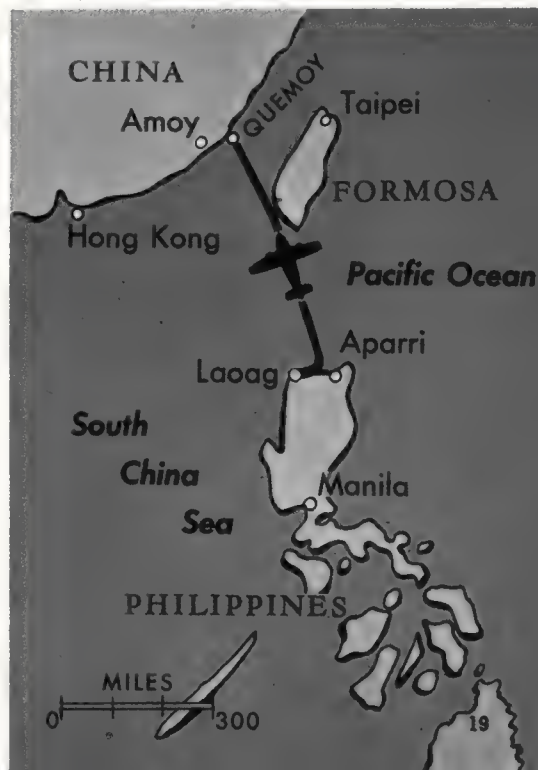
It was then that Gaston realized that the gunman was not only desperate, but insanely so. Enough to kill the co-pilot even though it meant his own death and that of all the passengers in the crash that would follow. Reluctantly Gaston found the coast and headed for Amoy.

Efforts to simulate motor trouble failed to frighten Ang out of his mad idea of flying the China Sea. Efforts to change course were unavailing, Ang not only reading the plane's compass but checking it against a cheap compass that he wore [Continued on page 77]



Co-Pilot Felix Gaston effected rescue of plane and passengers by managing to land airliner just 15 miles away from Communist-held China.

Map shows the route of the ill-fated DC-3 as Ang forced plane northward toward Amoy. Gaston tricked him into landing at Quemoy instead.





Make Yours Well-Done

Ever since man first learned to chase his dinner on the hoof or on the claw, the weird notion has persisted that raw or partly cooked meat is a giver of health, strength and masculine virility. This outdated notion is especially popular among certain chest-thumping "red-blooded" males of our day who loudly proclaim that rare meat builds your muscles, thickens your blood and spurs the energies you need for good living.

Nothing could be falsier. *There are definite hazards in the eating of rare and improperly cooked meats that may seriously endanger your health.* The most common of these disorders, trichinosis and tapeworm, usually strike when we least expect them. They can be avoided, but only if you've briefed yourself on all the facts. Witness the following typical case:

Not long ago a husky young truck driver, whom we shall call John Peters, stopped off at a roadside diner that was famous for its hamburgers. "Make mine rare," he ordered, and ate the juicy blood-soaked beef patties with appreciative gusto.

The next morning Peters complained of stomach cramps—followed by nausea, diarrhea and a severe headache. Within 48 hours, this simple "indigestion" developed into a galloping series of bewildering symptoms. Peters was hospitalized. He ran a temperature of 104, was tortured by pains radiating from his chest to his arms and legs, itched all over, and felt so weak that he could not sit up in bed. By the end of the week his legs and face began to swell abnormally and all body movement became increasingly painful. His eyeballs were badly inflamed, the lids puffed up until he could not see, and his breathing came in short unsteady gasps.

The doctors handling the case were baffled. Half

a dozen different diagnoses were made and thrown out in as many days—typhoid fever, food poisoning, appendicitis, arthritis, influenza, TB—even malaria had been considered. And still they had not the remotest notion of what they were fighting.

Three days later, just two weeks after entering the hospital, Peters went into a coma. While his life hung in the balance, the doctors, following a series of leads phoned in from Washington by the U.S. Public Health Service, finally solved the mystery. Young John Peters had been stricken with trichinosis, one of the most common, dangerous and diabolically elusive diseases known to man.

Trichinosis is a parasitic disorder that comes from eating undercooked, infected meats, especially pork. A series of tests—slivers of muscle tissue were taken from his arms, legs and chest and examined under the microscope—revealed that Peters was unwilling host to several million tiny worm-like organisms, known as *trichinae*, that had migrated from his intestines, via the bloodstream, into the muscles of his body.

Medical science has not yet learned how to kill these invaders, or how to cut down their virulence. There was nothing for the doctors to do but watch and hope.

Board of Health investigators, seeking the source of Peters' infection, found little at first that could be pinned

down as evidence. Careful examination of the kitchen and iceboxes showed that the diner had every reason to be proud of its hamburgers. They were prepared in up-to-date sanitary conditions, from fresh, high grade government-inspected beef.

Beef is not known to harbor the trichina, and the chef swore himself purple that no pork had been mixed into the grindings. It was only after persistent

Left to right, the beef and fish tapeworms. They are at their happiest in the human intestine—forcing on victims either abnormal hunger or complete absence of appetite.





Pork isn't the only meat that must be well-cooked. Game, too, can give you trichinosis, while both beef and fish are tapeworm carriers

by ERIC NORTHRUP

memory prodding that he finally admitted, with some embarrassment, that his meat grinder had been used on the very morning in question to prepare 10 pounds of fresh pork shoulder for home-made sausage. Like most busy chefs, he did not bother to wash his machine after each grinding operation, but switched directly from sausage-making to hamburgers. A few shreds of trichinosis pork, weighing no more than a fraction of an ounce, had been sufficient to infect the beef and to strike down the first unwary customer who preferred his hamburgers rare.

John Peters happens to be alive today, not because of any miracle drug, but because he was lucky enough to fight off a disease that in its severe attacks is almost always fatal. His true story repeats itself again and again because Americans like 'em rare and science so far can't lick trichinosis.

Fortunately, it does not often strike with deadly severity. It prefers to incapacitate its victims slowly with an assortment of tricky symptoms, ranging from mild recurrent "backaches" to chronic "rheumatism" and excruciating attacks of "sciatica." Because of its deceitful character, trichinosis has been confused with half the ailments in the medical dictionary, including asthma, heart disease, cholera, scarlet fever, syphilis, meningitis, beri beri, acute alcoholism and mumps. Most doctors are fooled by these "counterfeit" symptoms, and few cases of the disease are reported.

Yet Government surveys, based on thousands of samples of autopsy material from hospitals in all parts of the country, show that a minimum of 23 million Americans—one out of every six of us—are affected by trichinosis. One noted authority, Dr. George T. Harrell, calls it "the great-

est uncontrolled public health problem in the United States."

A large percentage of cases are mild enough to escape medical attention. Not enough of the parasitic invaders reach the muscle fibers to cause serious complications. But few diseases can be more painful and less predictable. A victim may be prostrated for months in a state of excruciating agony, finally recover perfect health, only to be stricken again with equal severity and without warning.

It wasn't until the 1870's that the deadliness of this disease had become universally known. It is said that the famous pathologist, Rudolf Virchow, when challenged to a duel by Bismarck, proposed as weapons two large identical sausages, one infected by trichina, to be eaten by the contestants. The duel was called off—by Bismarck.

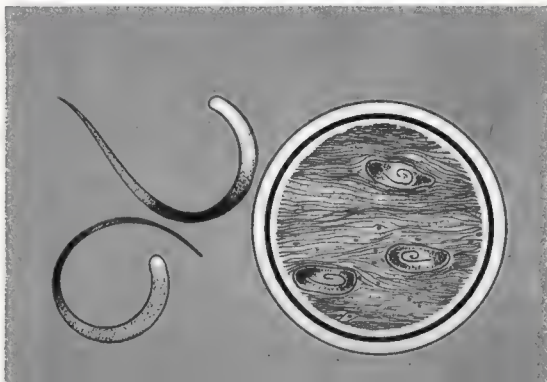
The chief culprit of all this misery is a tiny parasite, hardly visible to the naked eye, that has haunted scientists for over a century.

All efforts to find a cure for trichinosis have failed. Once trichina parasites have entered the body, no method known to science has been able to dismiss these unwelcome visitors. Recent experiments with atomic radiation, conducted by Drs. Joseph E. Alicata and George O. Burr at the University of Hawaii, revealed that even the deadly gamma rays—a chief hazard of A-bomb radiation—were powerless

to destroy the tough little trichina worms. Most investigators feel that it is wishful thinking to expect a chemical cure for trichinosis. Any drug potent enough to destroy millions of trichinae would have the disadvantage of killing the patient as well.

Many public health experts are of the opinion that prevention, not cure, will be the only way to lick trichinosis. This means [Continued on page 70]

Left, a closeup of the trichina. Right, same lodged in muscle tissue. Once they enter the body, there is no known way of dislodging them—not even with deadly gamma rays.



I have the World's Most Dangerous Hobby

I parachute for pleasure. You rarely make the headlines or win awards. People think you're crazy. But up there, alone, you know you're outguessing death. A man's king!

by L. B. "Trigger" Benningfield

Some men play pinochle to unjangle their nerves. Some putter in the garden or putt on a golf course. When I've had a hard day at the office, I relax best with a stunt parachute jump.

I don't always have happy landings either.

Many's the time I barely missed frying like a slab of bacon on a brace of high-tension wires. Once an irate farmer chased me with a shotgun when I landed in his prize fruit tree. And on one jump, I blacked out, floated unconscious for 2,000 feet, hit the ground limp and to this day can't remember yanking the ripcord.

I took a dive at a fishing convention with a live mackerel flip-flopping in my hand all the way down. In a competition jump, I hit a bed-sheet from 1,500 feet and won \$150. One Christmas I did a Santa Claus jump that gave the kids a terrific let-down—high winds ripped off both my cap and my beard. In a baseball park jump, I plunked down in a lady's lap in the bleachers. Fortunately her husband was the understanding type.

I didn't have to worry about my wife being there. Even an elevator gives her stomach butterflies and she hasn't been in the audience ever since the one time six or eight years ago when I finally wangled her into watching me jump. In my hundreds of jumps, that was the only day I ever really got hurt—and by mutual consent I've never invited her again.

A while back, a used car dealer invited me to make a little jump at Laguna Beach, California—expenses paid and a little something extra. We took off up to 8,000 feet to do a little skywriting first. But I got edgy waiting for the pilot to cross the "t," and finally, after figuring out my landing

for 50 feet up the beach so as to keep my boots and chute dry, off the wing I went.

Down I floated, dumb and happy, enjoying the thrill I'm positive beats marijuana all hollow, when suddenly I realized that I was going to have trouble. Those balmy ocean breezes were a lot stronger than I'd calculated, and they were whisking me out to sea at a rate that was going to make me the United States' wet-test parachutist in just a couple of seconds.

Well, I should have ditched my chute and heavy boots right then. But I didn't feel like a bath so I gave it the old college try.

I sideslipped, and I snorted, and I tugged at those shroud lines, trying to line me up a shore breeze to hitch-hike in on. But all my work went for nought—down into the drink I splashed.

The next couple of seconds were pretty hectic. Before I struggled out of my back pack, I must have swallowed a tankful of sea water. And I never did shake loose from my belly pack.

Man, was I scared! The shore looked miles away. The equipment weighed me down like a tombstone. And I'd never gotten past the dead man's float in my swimming lessons years back. I thrashed and I thrashed, and thrashed some more until I was so damn pooped, I just didn't care what happened. I got one last look at that bright beautiful sun and that gorgeous blue sky—sure seemed a pity to leave 'em behind—and then I went under. My feet drifted down slowly—and touched bottom. I'd been on a sandbar all the time! . . .

Took a honey of a jump just a couple of months ago out in West Texas. It was strictly routine, strictly for kicks, and



I enjoyed the ride all the way down. About half-way, an unexpected blast of wind hit me, carrying me a few hundred feet off course. I took another look at what had been an innocent brown speck at 500 feet. It was alarmingly taking shape as that vicious rodeo renegade, the Brahman bull.

I forgot about sunbathing and grabbed my risers, side-slipping violently to the right. There was no doubt in my mind that Brother Brahman would like nothing in the world better than the opportunity to pull a switch—and make hamburger out of me. I landed hard a bare three feet away from the red-eyed monster—but fortunately on the other side of the fence. . . .

I admit parachuting is one helluva hobby. But it's sure the ideal type that hobby magazines are always talking up—a profitable pastime where a guy can have fun and pick up extra money at the same time. My full-time job has me busy as a salesman of airplane accessories—including parachutes—for Air Associates at Love Field, Dallas. And I enjoy that, too. But parachuting was a full-time proposition for seven crazy, barnstorming years. And I missed it so much when I quit to take a rational job that I had to take it up as a hobby.

Not that I wasn't worried on my first jump. I was scared spit-less.

Hell, if I hadn't been brother-in-lawed into it, I'd probably never have taken a parachute jump to this very day.

I was a 25-year-old kid, and a couple of buddies and I bought an old bi-plane and went pasture-hopping—putting on two-bit air shows wherever we could get together an audience of 10 or 20 farmers or ranchers, and then passing the hat.

Business was awful—we weren't even covering gas and oil expenses. So we decided our only hope was to advertise a parachute jump. At show-time, we had the largest crowd ever, but we just couldn't decide who would do the dirty work.

So we flipped coins—with the odd man making the jump.

They'd already talked plans over, and they both hollered tails. They had me dead to rights, so I put the chute on and went up—but I sure didn't intend to jump. When we got to 2,000, my "buddy" gave it to me with the other barrel. If I didn't go overboard, he said, he'd roll over and dump me. What could I do? I jumped.

It was wonderful—and I've been doing it ever since. Sometimes on a dare, for nothing. Sometimes for as little as \$5 on a bet. Mostly for \$50 a jump, or as many as three for \$100. My highest price came when I tested an automatic

chute-opening device for an inventor who planned to sell it to the Army. I jumped from 15,000 and walked off with \$375.

I've made close to 500 jumps since then—485 to be exact—and everyone's been such a thrilling, exhilarating experience that nothing I've ever done comes near it. It's something I can't explain and I sure can't stop. It's just in my blood, I guess.

It's almost cost me all my blood many a time. The worst I ever recall was in the Mexican border town of Laredo, Texas, in the summer of '48.

Carl Crawford, a happy-go-lucky crop-duster whose sideline is staging air shows—and who, incidentally, makes a lot of loot at his sideline—long-distanced me in Dallas. He needed a guy to do a couple of delayed jumps for him. Nothing fancy—\$100 plus expenses.

Those were the days when jumping was my business, so there wasn't any need for me to think it over. The answer was definitely yes.

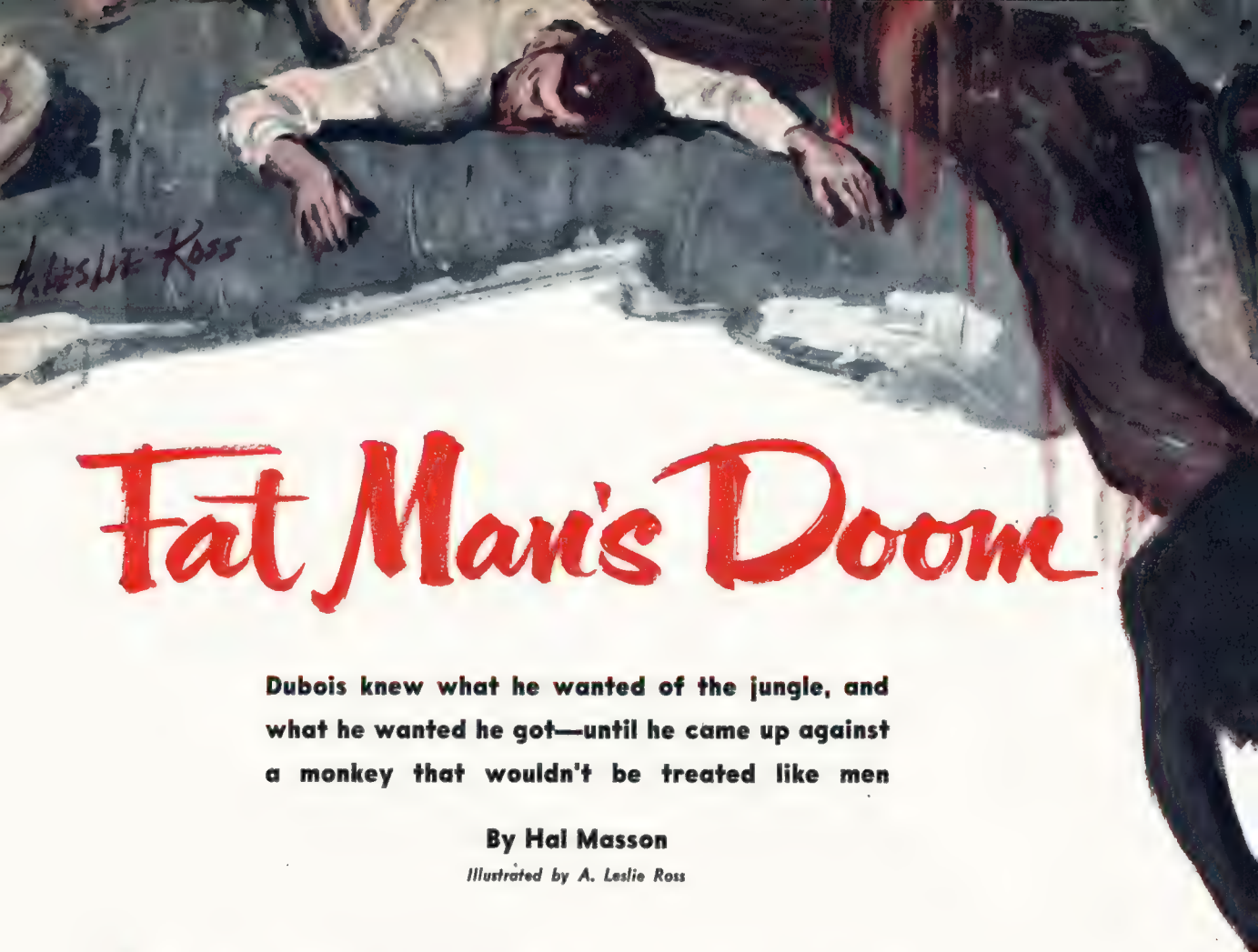
This show was gonna be an easy one, and Carl and I sat down and worked out just what he needed for the next day. I was to do one delayed jump from 5,000—giving the crowd a thrill by not pulling the ripcord till about 500 feet. Meanwhile, Carl would give it a Hollywood buildup on the mike: "Oh, oh, looks like his chute's fouled. Watch out below!" and all that sort of stuff. A good announcer can really make a production out of a jump—and Carl was good.

The second one was to be even cuter. I'd use an old chute the moths had got to, fill it full of powder, flour, and toilet paper, and when I pulled the cord, the folks downstairs would figure it had disintegrated. Then, hurtling down with my screaming streamer, I'd pull the second one somewhere around 300 or so, after Carl had worked the people up to where they were certain they'd see the blood spilled that every damn one of them secretly hoped for.

But when morning of the show dawned, it was a first-cousin to night. Through the rip in my window-shade, I couldn't see a damn thing. It was the milkiest fog ever, so thick you could all but bump your head on it. I threw on my clothes and felt my way down to Laredo Municipal Airport—stopping only to fortify my ripcord-finger with a platter of ham and eggs.

Carl and stunt pilot Russ Stokes were already there. And so, to my surprise, were a hundred or so spectators—though on a day like this, that was the wrong word. Before noon, there were a thousand of them, [Continued on page 76]





Fat Man's Doom

Dubois knew what he wanted of the jungle, and what he wanted he got—until he came up against a monkey that wouldn't be treated like men

By Hal Masson

Illustrated by A. Leslie Ross

In the jungle, a hundred yards from the sodden camp, something big launched itself through the darkness; something small screamed and died, and the silence that was composed of a billion voices took over the jungle again.

As had happened more than a dozen times in his six weeks in the jungle, big Dubois heard only the scream, and his torpid mind, dragged from the hibernation that was his kind of sleep, could not distinguish between the reality of the scream and the terror of the nightmare it had conceived. In the instant of his awakening, however, he knew one thing.

The lantern was out!

With the clumsy movement of a seal on rock, he flopped his great fat body towards the lantern, feeling the chill film of sweat on his skin. His big hand reached upwards in the dark, his fingers felt the lantern hanging from the tent roof.

His mind, now awake, loosed itself from its first terror and fastened on a new one. Somebody had been in the tent. Therefore, somebody knew his weakness. Distinctly he remembered filling the bowl last night. More distinctly, he remembered lighting the wick after Cameron and the natives had settled down for the night. It was his nightly ritual; he could *not* have forgotten.

He reached behind his head and fumbled in his knapsack until his hand closed over a book of American matches. He struck one, levered the

lantern globe and lit the wick. Then he applied the match to a cigarette and lay back again, fitting the cigarette into his long holder, trying to think things through.

He brought his eyes, inevitably, to the lantern, seeing the film of night moisture creep down the chimney and disappear. All of him, except his great body, gathered together and floated up from the cot, settling inside the globe, nurtured by the languid heat and protected by the curving glass womb.

The truth was—and he admitted it to no one but himself—that Dubois had a lifelong dread of darkness. His 212 pounds of flesh quivered when he was deprived of light, so that even in his sumptuous apartment on the coast a light always burned in his bedroom.

Only the magic name of ivory could have induced him on a safari. Only that, and his distrust of any man's statement where ivory was concerned. He had met Cameron at his own warehouse and Cameron had told him of a tribe off the beaten path which needed food and clothing, but mostly they needed rifles and ammunition and knives. Only when Dubois pressed him did he tell of the ivory, great tusks of unusual size and beauty.

"How many?"

"Oh, more than we'd take out with a hundred men."

They had dickered—Cameron for the natives and



The monkey rained down burning matches to the ground as Dubois watched in horror. "Come down," he called pleadingly, desperately.

Dubois for himself. And when they could not agree Cameron had left. But he had come back, accepting Dubois' terms.

When the shipment was ready Cameron delayed again. He dug his fingers into a case of knives, rasped a blade across the iron table of the scales, balanced it in his fingers and spun it through the air with a trained flip of his wrist. The knife quivered in the warehouse wall with the blade bent at an angle.

"Letter openers," he said, smiling at his joke, "and this tribe doesn't get much mail."

Then he took a hammer and opened a case of newly-packed rifles. He took out a Ross and extracted the bolt, peering down the bore.

"The Canadians," he said with disarming pleasantness, "discarded this thing after the Boer War because they couldn't figure which end was the most dangerous."

Dubois, disturbed by the man, had laughed with him and substituted better knives and Lee Enfield rifles which the British hadn't completely discarded in World War II. Cameron, after inspecting each of them, had finally agreed. He set one-fourth of the net profit as his own and Dubois, relieved, had quickly agreed.

But Dubois had gone with the safari, protecting his interests—determined to see and count and heft and fondle what his money bought, determined not to give an inch once he knew the location of the village. But he had been careful to bring two lanterns, one for light, the other a guarantee of light . . . and enough kerosene for quadruple the time. He not only had the regular matches in their inconvenient waterproof cylinders, but also he had appropriated one of the two cartons of American book matches, those silly but convenient toys which Cameron had acquired for the amusement of the native boys.

Now, on the way back, he had a supply that was more than enough.

He stared at the tent ceiling, realizing that daylight was beginning to break through the high leafy tops and that the four-day splash of rain in the puddles outside had stopped.

Someone had come into his tent while he slept and had blown out the lantern. Why? Had they discovered his secret and wanted to torture him? He lay thinking about it and reason slowly returned. Probably Cameron had wakened and thought he had fallen to sleep with it burning. In a few moments sleep again possessed him.

He wakened to find the triangle of tent doorway filled with Cameron's tall and languid body. As he slowly became alert, he saw that Cameron's eyes were not on him, but on the lantern, still burning on its hook. A smile, not of scorn, but of quiet and tolerant amusement, touched the corners of Cameron's wide mouth. Dubois was furious.

All the hatred built up in six weeks of Cameron's exasperating tolerance, his quiet and patient explanations, his foolish pampering of the carrier boys and even his hidden endurance, boiled to an oath in Dubois' throat.

"Get out," he said.

Cameron turned only his head. "I thought you might like to know the rains have let up," he said, smiling pleasantly.

"Get out," Dubois repeated.

"It was a noisy night," Cameron said. "But it's almost ten o'clock now. You'll feel better after you've had breakfast." He raised the flap and went out.

Cameron! How Dubois hated him. He had fought men all his life, and always he had found a weapon to combat theirs. But Cameron used tolerance, and Dubois was powerless against it. It was Cameron's patience and his softness that had brought on all their troubles. It was Cameron who had insisted on turning over all their extra food to the native village so that now they barely had enough. It was Cameron's fault they had lost the case of geegaws that would have bought the ivory cheaper. It was Cam-

eron who let the carrier boys stop short of their last mile at night and joked with them in a language Dubois did not understand.

There were other things. Cameron's pet monkey, which he had named Evelyn, had accompanied the safari to waste their time in childish games. Some time, probably in her infancy, Cameron had taught the monkey how to strike a match and hold it in her fingers. Now, on every opportunity, Evelyn showed off for the natives—burning matches with abandon.

It was Cameron who had given the carrier boys cigarettes so that they dawdled and wasted good time and more good matches. It was his fault they were camped here now, bogged in by early rains because Bobo, a mere carrier boy, had come down with malaria. And it was Cameron, with his everlasting good humor and his tolerant explanations, who had driven Dubois to a killing hatred of the safari and all those in it.

And, finally, it was Cameron who had discovered his secret and untameable dread of being left in darkness.

Dubois wondered if the natives also knew and were laughing at him. He had been impatient of delay before; now he was determined to end the safari in as few hours and minutes as possible.

He examined his boots carefully before putting them on because Cameron had explained that centipedes and scorpions liked the warmth and moisture of shoes. He ran his belt through the holster of his Luger and patted it with a resurgence of confidence. As he stepped outside something squirmed out of sight under the tent floor, and he put his heel down hard on the canvas, swinging his toe in an arc.

The natives had finished eating, but were dawdling over their cigarettes and playing with Evelyn. Cameron was not in sight. The boy with malaria lay on a litter beside the dying fire, his hand hanging listlessly over the edge. His eyes were open, watching the other boys. Eating the food the cook silently put before him, Dubois' new resolve to force the issue with Cameron grew in his mind. The rains had been a good reason to waste time; the sick boy had been a poor one. Now only the poor one was left.

Cameron came into sight, skirting the pool that hemmed the north side of the clearing, and immediately sat himself down on a slippery log across the fire from Dubois. He raised his hand pleasantly.

"Feeling better now?" he asked, and did not seem to mind that Dubois did not answer him.

He turned his attention to the carrier boys who were at the height of their game. One of them would put a cigarette in his mouth and call the monkey. She would search the leaves, the roots, the cooking utensils, even their clothing, until she found a packet of the American matches. She would tear off one of the pasteboards and the boy would close the cover for her, and she would rub the match with fearful expectation on the black abrasive strip. She would watch the flame spring to life in her fingers, her small, soft-brown eyes blinking ecstatically, holding the match at arm's length toward the cigarette as she hopped from foot to foot.

Each time she watched in delighted amazement as the flame transferred from the match to the tobacco and the smoke billowed upwards. Each time was as good as the first, and the black boys jabbered and laughed and rolled in the sodden leaves, holding their bellies.

The smile was still on Cameron's lean face as he turned his blue eyes skywards. "This may be the break we've needed," he said. "I took Bobo's temperature and it's almost normal. We should be able to move in three days—maybe even two."

Dubois put his hand very deliberately into his pocket, came out with a cigarette, his holder and a pack of matches. He fitted the cigarette carefully into the holder.

"It's time for some authority [Continued on page 63]

Are Women Changing?

If, like most of us, you're loaded with questions, step right up. Here are some answers

by Bernard Rosenberg

ARE WOMEN CHANGING PHYSICALLY?



Yes. Twenty-five years ago the average woman's bust measured $34\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Today's average is $35\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In 1903 the average woman's waist measurement was 18 inches. Today it's $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Twenty-five years ago the average woman's shoe size was 6B. This year's average was $7\frac{1}{2}$ B, a foot growth of about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length and about $\frac{1}{6}$ inch in width. Ten years ago the average woman (ages 18 to 24) had a standard 22 hat size. Her hat size today? Standard 23—a 1 inch head growth. And over a 10-year period the average weight of women at each height level has fallen off some 3 to 5 lbs.

(Sources: H. W. Gossett Co.; Women's Wear Daily; National Shoe Manufacturers' Association; Dr. Louis I. Dublin's The Facts of Life from Birth to Death; Millinery Fashion Bureau.)

ARE THEY HAVING MORE ABORTIONS?

No. In the 1930's the ratio of abortions to confinements was about 1 in 3. Today's ratio? About 1 in 5.6 births in urban areas, and about 1 in 9.4 births in rural areas. Eighty to 90 per cent of aborted women are married.

(Sources: Dr. Norman E. Himes' Practical Birth Control Methods; Dr. Abraham Stone's Planned Parenthood, A Practical Guide to Birth-Control Methods.)

ARE THEIR WORKING AGES CHANGING?

Yes. In 1940, 60 per cent of working women were under 35 years old. In 1950? Less than 50 per cent. Better than 25 per cent were over 45.

(Source: Dr. Louis I. Dublin's The American Population Profile.)

IS TODAY'S WOMAN BEARING LESS CHILDREN?



Yes. Around the year 1800, the average American woman gave birth to 8 children. By 1910, she averaged 5 children. By 1940, her average dropped to 3.2 children. In 1910 about 9 per cent of married women (50 years old and over) never bore any children. In 1940 about 17 per

cent were childless.

(Sources: Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; U. S. Census Reports.)

ARE THERE MORE ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN?

Yes. The illegitimacy rate jumped from 7 per 1000 unmarried women (single, widowed, divorced—ages 15 to 44) in 1938 to 12 per 1000 in 1947. Women under 20 bore more than 40 per cent of the children.

(Source: Federal Security Agency, Office of Vital Statistics.)

DO MORE WOMEN DIE GIVING BIRTH?

No. In 1935, the United States maternal mortality rate was 58 per 10,000 live births. In 1951? Under 10 per 10,000. Maternal mortality is lowest where hospital confinement is most frequent.

(Sources: Third American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology; Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.)

ARE THERE MORE ALCOHOLIC WOMEN THAN THERE WERE 25 YEARS AGO?



No. In 1910, the rate was 384 alcoholic women per 100,000. In 1946, 242 per 100,000.

(Source: Dr. James F. Bender in Your Health, Winter 1949.)

ARE TODAY'S WOMEN "BETTER" MOTHERS?

Not necessarily. Today's mothers are frequently "book" mothers. Fifty years ago they were usually intuitive mothers. The difference? Yesterday's mothers relied on themselves in raising their children. Today's mothers rely on child experts—the doctor, school teacher, churchman, child psychologist, the social worker—to raise theirs. Result? Yesterday's children usually could be well-adjusted because the mothers' confidence gave them the feeling of security. Today's children can be less well adjusted because the mothers' lack of confidence in themselves causes the children to feel insecure.

(Source: Mrs. Elinor P. Zaki, Consultant on Family Problems, Family Service Association of America.)

ARE MORE WOMEN DESERTING THEIR FAMILIES TODAY COMPARED TO 25 YEARS AGO?



Yes. A social agency specializing in family desertion found that 1 case in every 40 was a wife family desertion case in 1924. In 1950, 1 case in every 15 was a wife family desertion case.

(Source: National Desertion Bureau.)

ARE FEWER WOMEN DYING FROM CANCER?

Yes. From 1933 to 1946 there was a 2 per cent decline.

(Source: American Cancer Society.)

DO WOMEN STAY MARRIED LONGER TODAY THAN THEY DID 25 YEARS AGO?

Yes. A woman age 25 married to a man age 30 can expect to live together for 36 years. In 1900 the average married life together at these ages would have been 28 years. The wife is the one who usually survives when a marriage breaks up because of death. The odds in her favor? Two to 1.

(Source: Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.)

ARE WOMEN USING MORE VIOLENT MEANS OF SUICIDE?



Yes. Women used firearms and hanging in less than 25 per cent of suicides in the early 1920's. In 1946, they accounted for 40 per cent. Suicide by gas and drug poisoning dropped from 56 per cent to about 40 per cent during that same period.

(Source: Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.)



For best results in high-speed racing, the driver must make sure that the motor balances the shell and his own physique.

Best Outboards for '53

If you like to troll, get a 3 h.p. motor or better and pick a 2-cylinder job. Anything less causes vibration at slow speeds. A motor like the Johnson Sea Horse 5 fits the bill.



The year 1953 shapes up as the outboard motor's greatest year.

One look at the new list of manufacturers' models tells you why. There's a greater selection than ever, and there's an outboard for every purpose and every purse.

If it's speed you love and racing you're interested in, they have engines for you that'll send you whipping over the water. But whether you are a veteran of outboard racing or a newcomer to the field, you've got to know how to pick the right outboard for your own purposes.

Matching the motor with the boat is critically important in the high-speed field. An over-powered motor on a row-boat makes about as much sense as a race-modified Cadillac engine on a Crosley Hotshot chassis. If you try it, you certainly won't get that bullet performance you're after. Instead, you'll just make yourself a candidate for a Coast Guard rescue.

In addition, for racing purposes there's a third factor you have to match with the first two: your own weight and size. Unless the three are in perfect balance, you won't be winning any trophies.

If you're new to outboard racing, you'd better acquaint yourself with the competition rules and regulations set up by the American Power Boat Association and the National Outboard Association. Otherwise you are liable to invest in equipment which may work well but won't qualify you to participate in organized competitions.

Even if you're not interested in racing, those rules about matching the outboard motor with the boat will



Family runabouts used for leisurely cruising do well with 10 to 16 h.p. outboards, depending on the size of the boat.

BY HANK BOWMAN

Whether you're a champion or a challenger, troller, loller or just plain beginner, you'll find exactly what you're after in this year's crop of "kickers"

determine whether you're in for fun or for grief.

Take aquaplaning. Perhaps you own a 16' runabout with plenty of freeboard, generous breadth and a couple of cross seats. That means your boat weighs between 400 and 500 pounds. Well, don't expect to put a couple of passengers aboard, tie some aqua skiers to the back and get breathtaking speed with a 10 to 16 horsepower motor. You'd have too much boat for that. For aquaplaning behind a family-style runabout, you will need the power of at least a 20-horse or an even larger motor. But if you want to motorize the same boat merely for leisurely cruising with a few friends, forgetting about aquaplaning, the 10 to 16 horsepower jobs will be ample.

If it is fishing you like and all you want is some lazy trolling with a buddy aboard, your needs will again be entirely different. Using a flat-bottomed rowboat, all you'll need will be a 2 to 4 horsepower outboard. But you better pick yourself a two-cylinder job, as a single-cylinder engine at slow speed is liable to cause a lot of vibration and scare the fish away.

If you own a double-ended canoe, you'll find most sporting goods stores carry out-rigger brackets designed especially to take an outboard motor. A motor of 3 horsepower or less, and the lighter weight the better, will serve ideally on a canoe.

Don't hold to the idea that if a 3 horsepower job on a canoe will push you along comfortably at 5 m.p.h. doubling your horsepower will get you where you want to go twice as fast, cause it just ain't so. The added weight, which, be-

Towing aqua skiers while carrying a couple of passengers is nothing for a boat powered by an Evinrude 25, but it's too much work for a motor that develops less than 20 h.p.



CAVALIER'S OUTBOARD ROUNDUP FOR '53

Manufacturer	Model	HP	Cyls	Cubic Inches	Starter	Lbs.	Bearings	Fueling	Shift & Reverse	Price
Chris-Craft	J-Challenger	5½	2	9.42	AR	46	Bronze	1½ gal. TP	Pivot	\$199.00
	K-Commander	10	2	19.94	AR	72	Roller & Ball	2 gal. TP	Pivot	\$375.00
Elgin	571.58202	2	1	3.76	RS	27	Bronze	5 pts. TP	Pivot	\$ 87.50
	571.58562	5	2	10.6	AR	48	Bronze & Roller	8 pts. TP	Neut., Pivot	\$137.50
	571.58642	6	2	10.6	RS	35½		8 pts. TP	None	\$ —
	571.58761	7½	2	11.97	AR	50	Bronze & Needle	11 pts. TP	Neut., Pivot	\$154.50
	571.58823	16	2	24	AR	92	Needle, Roller & Ball	5¼ gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$315.00
Evinrude	Lightwin	3†	2	5.27	AR	30	Roller, Needle & Bronze	.85 gal. TP	Pivot	\$145.00
	Fleetwin	7½†	2	12.4	AR	47		1.1 gal. TP	Neut., Pivot	\$210.00
	Super Fastwin	15†	2	19.94	AR	69		6 gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$325.00
	Big Twin	25†	2	35.7	AR	98		6 gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$390.00
Firestone	10-A-71	3.6	1	6.23	AR	43	Bronze	8 pts. TP	Pivot	\$109.95
	10-A-73	5	2	7.48	AR	45	Roller, Ball, Needles & Bronze	8 pts. TP	Neut., Rvse.	\$179.95
	10-A-103	7.5	2	11.0	AR	50		6 gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$199.95
	10-A-104	10	2	14.69	AR	59		6 gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$259.95
Flambeau	174520	2½†	1	4.62	RS	26	Bronze	3 qt. TP	None	\$118.50
	174050	5†	2	9.24	RS	32	Bronze	3 qt. TP	None	\$161.50
Johnson	Sea Horse 3	3†	2	5.28	AR	32	Bronze	4.88 pts. TP	Pivot	\$145.00
	Sea Horse 5	5†	2	8.84	AR	44	Bronze	7 pts. TP	Neut., Pivot	\$187.50
	Sea Horse 10	10†	2	16.6	AR	60	Needles & Bronze	6 gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$275.00
	Sea Horse 25	25†	2	35.7	AR	98	Needles, Bronze, Roller & Ball	6 gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$390.00
Lauson (4-cycle motors)	Single S-353	3	1	6.65	AR	44	Bronze	¾ gal. TP	None	\$142.50
	Twin T-653	6	2	13.30	AR	57	Bronze	1¼ gal. TP	None	\$197.50
	Reverser T-653-R	6	2	13.30	AR	66	Bronze	1¼ gal. TP	Neut., Rvse.	\$257.50
Martin	Martin 20	2½	1	2.88	AR	29½	Roller, Ball & Bronze	7 pts. TP	Pivot	\$129.75
	Martin 45	4½	2	5.76	AR	35		6½ pts. TP	Pivot	\$179.75
	Martin 75	7½	2	11	AR	49		1 gal. TP	Neut.,	\$234.75
	Martin 100	10	2	13.15	AR	62		10 pts. TP	Pivot	\$287.75
	Martin 200	20	2	19.94	AR	70		10 pts. TP	None	
Mercury	Mark 5	5	2	7.2	AR	40	Rollers & Ball Throughout	10 pts. TP	Pivot	\$192.50
	Mark 7	7½	2	11	AR	54		1½ gal. TP	None	\$222.00
	Mark 15	10	2	14.89	AR	57		ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$327.50
	Mark 20	16	2	19.8	AR	63		ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$362.50
	Mark 40	35	4	39.6	AR	122		ST	None	\$590.00
Scott-Atwater . . .	3.6 HP	3.6†	1	6.21	AR	36	Rollers, Ball, Needles & Bronze	1 gal. TP	None	\$109.50
	5 HP Shift	5†	2	7.48	AR	46		1 gal. TP*	Neut., Rvse.	\$199.50
	7½ HP Shift	7½†	2	11	AR	49		1 gal. TP*	Neut., Rvse.	\$219.50
	Gold Pennant									
	10 HP Shift	10†	2	14.82	AR	59		6 gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$279.50
	Gold Pennant									
Sea Bee**	16 HP Shift	16†	2	19.95	AR	88		6 gal. ST	Neut., Rvse.	\$359.50
	3 HP Deluxe	3†	1	5.32	AR	28	Bronze	½ gal. TP	Pivot	\$118.50
	5 HP Deluxe	5†	2	8.84	AR	46½	Bronze	.8 gal. TP	Pivot, Neut.	\$170.50
Wizard	12 HP Deluxe	12†	2	19.94	AR	64½	Bronze	1½ gal. TP	Neut., Rvse.	\$270.00
	Super Twin	6	2	11	AR	50	Roller & Ball	7 pts. TP*	Pivot	\$189.50
	Super Ten	10	2	18.34	AR	59	Roller & Ball	15 pts. TP*	None	\$279.50
	Powermatic Super Ten	10	2	18.34	AR	70	Roller & Ball	15 pts. TP*	Neut., Rvse.	\$329.50

† — HP certified by Outboard Boating Club. AR — Automatic Rewind. RS — Rope Sheave. TP — Tank on Powerhead. ST — Separate Tank. * — 6 gal. Separate Tank available. ** — Note: same basic specs. also apply to Buccaneer, Royal, Sea King & Spiegel, all made by Gale Products

cause of the out-rigger type lash-up will immediately make the canoe unseaworthy and stern heavy. It will cause the canoe to roll, threaten to turn over and probably do just that if you attempt to turn with much power on.

Dinghies and prams, the latter becoming increasingly popular in plywood kit form, while not as stable and commodious as flat-bottomed row boats, are readily portable on car tops and give city dwellers a good lightweight weekend powerboat—if the right motor is selected. For either of these two, make 4 horsepower your peak limit and you can expect a safe 6 m.p.h.

The popular dinghies and prams, ideal for car-top purposes, range from 8' to 12' in length with 9' about average. These come in plywood, aluminum and plastic. Some weigh as little as 45 lbs. with the average around 11 lbs.

Family runabouts vary anywhere from 11' in lightweight small passenger load versions to 16' or more in roomier and more luxurious models. Incidentally, boats in the family runabout class are measured and advertised in two manners. Some boat builders give the overall length by measuring the maximum length plank from the transom where the motor clamps on to the bow. This measurement is thus like measuring the height of a strung bow by taking the measurement not of the bow string, but of the bent wood. The other method of measuring is by use of a direct line from bow to stern through the center line of the boat. This would then be similar to giving the measurement of a hunting bow by measuring directly along the bow string.

The latter method is the one adopted by the Outboard Boating Club of America as a standard measurement, but to date it is not used by all boat manufacturers. So in buying your boat, you must consider that a 15 footer could actually be 15' from stem to stern or, if the older method of measuring is used, it might be considerably shorter.

The Outboard Boating Club of America has been established to set up a standard for both outboard boats and motors. Many of the major outboard motor manufacturers have their horsepower ratings certified by the O.B.C. This does not infer, however, that manufacturers who are not members of the O.B.C. advertise inaccurate ratings as, unfortunately for the buyer, O.B.C. motor ratings have not as yet been adopted by the entire outboard motor industry.

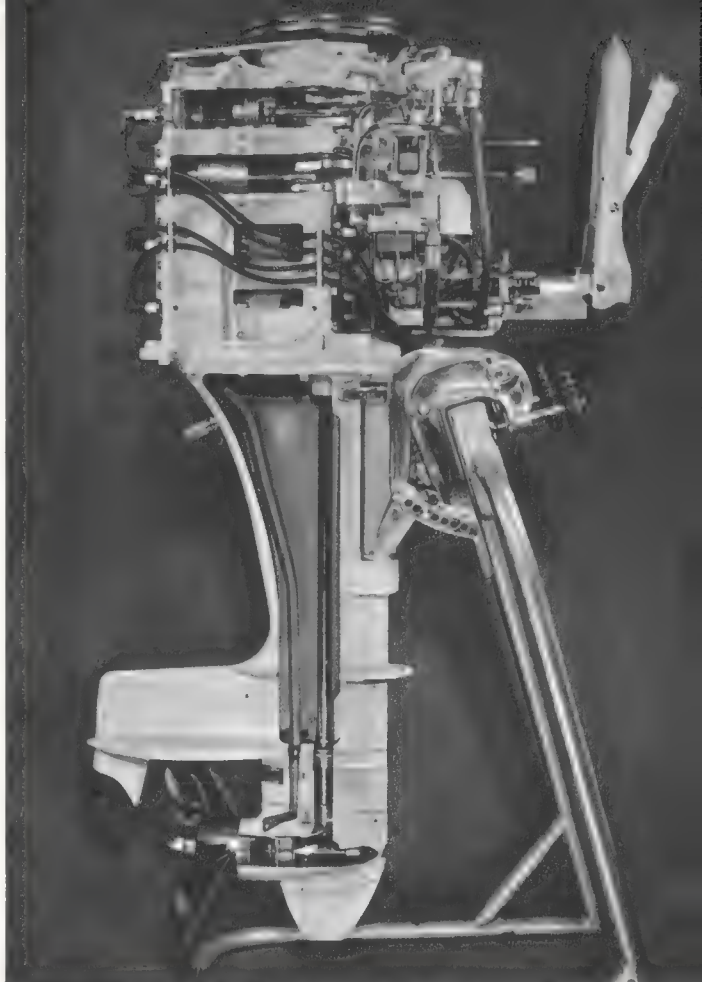
Looking closely at the high speed field, we see that several of Mercury's models have largely dominated racing because of their adaptability for high speed performance. Wizard motors, which are distributed by the Western Auto Supply Company, have also proved successful competition motors. The racing boys are currently doing a lot of talking about Martin's "200," whose design and high-speed racing performance make it a logical contender for Mercury's crown.

Although at this writing specifications are not available, Champion Motors, which has established a good reputation in the moderate price range, reportedly will launch one or more high speed models which might well be worth looking into by the speed addict.

In the large horsepower category both Johnson and Evinrude should continue to prove satisfying for the competitor. And the new Mercury 40, successor to the fine Mercury 25, should be an excellent performer, what with roller bearings throughout, nearly 40 cubic inches of piston displacement and a cleanly-designed underwater housing.

The days of the balky, hard starting, undependable, noisy and vibrating outboard motor which gave it the nickname of "kicker" are long since past. Any 1953 model outboard may be expected to give its owner trouble-free performance with a minimum of care.

In consulting CAVALIER's Roundup of '53 Outboards, which offers a good buyer's comparison, you will note price variations among manufacturers in the same horsepower categories. This does not necessarily indicate that the lower priced motor is a better buy nor. [Continued on page 78]



Mercury's new 4-cylinder Mark 40 is the giant of the outboard field. It boasts 35 h.p., ball and roller bearings throughout and 39.6 cubic inches of piston displacement.

Dual installation of the Evinrude 25 Big Twin gives the driver fine high-speed cruising in a heavy boat. Simplex controls provide unified remote control of the motors.



Little Miss Murder



TRUE CRIME

by Alan Hynd

Illustrated by Bert Zadig



In the battle of the sexes, Louise Peete cut a unique figure as she went through life over the bodies of men who had loved her unto death

Louise Peete was sincerely dedicated to the proposition that all men are suckers. It had been Louise Peete's own experience that if she made a man happy after dark, the daylight hours would take care of themselves.

In the year of 1920, our heroine, then about 40 years old, was married to an agreeable, undistinguished little man named Harold Peete. He was a salesman. They lived in Denver, in a drab little frame house that was one of a monotonous row, all exactly alike.

Louise—dark and vivacious, and attractive and plump, but not *too* plump—was depressed by her surroundings and the prospects for the future. Husband Harold was a good, kind man, but he lacked push and was duller than hell.

Harold Peete was, from Louise's point of view, a major mistake. She had married him in 1915, when she had been 35 and around enough to know better, under the impression that he was a man of affluence who would set her up in a luxurious home. When, after a honeymoon that put Harold in hock for six months, Louise learned he was only a salesman, not an executive vice-president, the shock made her ill.

Louise mechanically assumed the duties of Harold's wife. She assured herself that, in time, she would gather her forces and shake off the shackles of middle-class life.

For as long as she could remember, Louise, a product of the moss-and-honeysuckle country of Louisiana, had felt that the world owed her a living, and a luxurious one. She came from ordinary people and had no education to speak of, or any specialized training. She discovered, though, by the time she was 16, that she had something which, if put to judicious use, would make up for a great deal.

She was coy, curved and exciting, and soon had the young hotbloods of Shreveport, her home town, running around in circles: She could not be considered a "bad woman," however, because of a technicality. She did not accept money. She preferred presents.

Louise's first husband was a fellow named Bosley. He was the first of many men to realize, too late, that a man, to Louise, was something to be used as a rung on the ladder she was climbing. She married Bosley, a traveling salesman, for the express purpose of getting out of Shreveport, where several married women, whose husbands had become suddenly deficient in the boudoir, were beginning to put the whammy on her. When Bosley had served his usefulness—getting Louise to Boston—she ditched him, and he later divorced her.

In Boston, posing as a member of the empire-building Gould family, Louise made a frontal attack on Back Bay, one of the world's ranking citadels of the socially elite. She slept with the socialites and then she either robbed or blackmailed them. Her prim blue-blood victims cringed from the publicity that formal charges would entail. Instead, they appointed a committee to purchase her absence from the city.

Somewhere along the way, Louise became addicted to booze and bangtails. That proved to be a double mistake. She wound up in a Dallas hotel room, at the age of 21,

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broke and ill. A clerk at the hotel desk—one Harry Faurote—proposed marriage. Louise accepted him, to get out of Dallas. She deserted Faurote in Chicago, and, broken-hearted, he committed suicide.

There followed years of roaming, large and petty thefts, badger games and other forms of blackmail. The horses and the wheels took the money as fast as Louise laid her hands on it. When she met Harold Peete in the lobby of a hotel in Chicago, where he was attending a sales convention, her character was jelled, once and for all. She was a highly attractive, intelligent, cunning three-alarm fire.

And so we come to the year of 1920, when Louise finally found further life with Harold Peete unbearable. She was approaching the menopause. She wanted assurance that she was still hot stuff—something that had never been proved, one way or the other, during her life with Harold. She purchased a new suit—one that showed off her still-trim figure to the best advantage—and, one fine day in April, bought a ticket for Los Angeles.

Going through the classified columns of the *Los Angeles Times*, Louise came across an ad which, she decided, was just her dish. A retired gentleman wanted a charming and cultured lady to assume charge of his Wilshire Boulevard home.

The man who had inserted the ad was Jacob Charles Denton—a lonely millionaire widower of 50 who, having made his pile in Arizona mining, lived in a 20-room Tudor mansion on Los Angeles' most fashionable street. Mrs. Peete was only one of two score applicants for the job, but she was hired on the spot.

The housekeeping position paid \$150 per month, and keep. Mrs. Peete made it clear to Denton that money was of secondary importance, since she was just a home-maker at heart. Her husband Harold, she said, had recently passed away in Denver, but he had handsomely provided for her with insurance. She dabbed at her eyes as she mentioned Harold's name.

Mrs. Peete found Denton to be quite self-opinionated, and she played her cards accordingly. She followed him around the house, hanging on to his every word, while he gave her a course on art, telling her about this piece and that.

Wilshire Boulevard authorities on nocturnal, second-floor silhouettes, after devoting their talents to the windows of the Denton mansion, were agreed that Mrs. Peete was becoming indispensable by night as well as by day. If, however, her initial success with Denton went to her head, she was in for disillusionment.

She broached the subject of marriage to the millionaire at breakfast one day, and found that for once a man's nighttime enthusiasm had *not* carried over to morning.

The housekeeper's relations with the master of the mansion grew strained. She found herself not only in a position whereby it looked impossible to lay hands on any of Denton's wealth, but in danger of losing her job as well.

A gardener was employed full-time on the premises. Mrs. Peete noted to her satisfaction that he was a slow-thinking character. One day in July, when her Wilshire Boulevard regime was in its third month, she called the gardener into the house. Denton was downtown attending an auction sale.

Mrs. Peete brought out some rye and the conversation somehow got around to dirt. She said she wanted a load of dirt—about a ton of it—dumped in the cellar. She was, she informed the gardener, going to conduct a horticultural experiment.

When Denton saw the dirt being moved in, he asked his housekeeper what it was for. "It's going to be a surprise," she answered. Denton bit off the end of a cigar and walked away.

Late in July, the Denton home became a place of great activity, in contrast to its previous quiet. Half a dozen or so men and women, some of them quite noisy, moved into

the place. It was obvious to shocked neighbors that the newcomers were boarders. The wonder of it all was how Jake Denton, who liked quiet, was standing the noise. But Denton didn't seem to be around.

During the first week in August a kinsman of Jake Denton's blew in from Arizona. He chose, of all times, a Saturday afternoon for his arrival, when the boarders were in the midst of week-end relaxation.

Denton's shocked relative asked Mrs. Peete where her employer was.

"Mr. Denton," said Mrs. Peete, "is away on a trip."

"Where?"

Mrs. Peete said she didn't know and she was vague as to when Denton was expected to return.

Mrs. Peete stopped talking and stared at Denton's relative. Her undeniably handsome face seemed to become suddenly suffused with evil—pure, unadulterated evil—and the man shuddered. He had never seen such an expression on the face of a woman. It was, he was to say later, almost as if he were looking at a female Jekyll and Hyde.

Returning to Arizona, the shaken traveler, filled with vague fears, communicated his suspicions—suspicions that all was not well with Jake Denton—to other kin of the millionaire miner. Thus it was that a second relative of Denton—a young lady—journeyed from Arizona to Wilshire Boulevard.

Mrs. Peete, never more sure of herself, was completely charming to the second caller. "If you think that perhaps Mr. Denton has been murdered and his body buried on the premises, I'd suggest that we go over every inch of the house. I want you to go back satisfied."

So, following Mrs. Peete's suggestion, they went first to the cellar.

The housekeeper pointed out that the cellar was very gloomy and apologized for the musty odor of the place. "None of us ever come down here," she volunteered. "It reminds me of a crypt."

By late August, Mrs. Peete had become a familiar figure among antique and art dealers in Los Angeles. She had begun to dispose of some of Denton's lesser possessions—comparative baubles worth only a few hundred dollars each—after showing the dealers authorization, bearing the Denton signature, to sell the pieces in question.

When, however, she appeared in one auction room with a Chinese vase worth several thousand dollars and offered it for a fraction of its price because, as she explained, Mr. Denton was ill and needed the money for medical bills, the local art world grew suspicious. Mrs. Peete found the market suddenly closed to her.

Along about this time, Mrs. Peete got into an argument with one of the women boarders over one of the men boarders. A creature of whims, she took a just-for-that-you'll-all-get-off attitude and cleaned out the house. The boarders had been good for only pin money anyway, and she had taken them in primarily because she liked people around and was lonesome, now that Mr. Denton was no longer around.

Los Angeles was struck by a heat wave along about then and, since things in general were getting too hot, Mrs. Peete decided to go away herself. She leased the mansion to a family, pocketed six months' rent in advance and took a train to Denver.

Harold Peete was overjoyed at his wife's return. Since he was deeply in love with Louise, he made her welcome instead of demanding to know where she had been and what she had been up to.

Peete soon gathered that his wife had been in Los Angeles. At least she expressed considerable interest in the goings-on in that city, for she went every day to the Union Pacific Railroad terminal and bought a Los Angeles paper.

Peete used to look through the papers after his wife was through with them, trying to figure out just what the hell it was she was reading about, [Continued on page 66]

High-speed camera catches bullet emerging from rifle muzzle.



What The **BULLET** Does

by Lucian Cary

Photos by Western Cartridge Co.

How much wallop does a bullet have at killing range? To end a lot of arguments, here is proof in pictures, comparing the punch of bullets old and new

The big difference between bullets of 60 years ago and today is speed. The black-powder rifles of the 1880s were the result of work that had been going on for more than 300 years. They usually shot a bullet with a velocity of from 1,200 to 1,400 feet a second. Modern high-intensity rifles handle bullets two or three times that speed—from 2,500 to well over 4,000 feet a second.

Modern bullets starting at such speeds must be lighter in weight. If they were not, the recoil of the rifle would be too great. Making the bullet shorter in order to lighten it means that it lacks sectional density—that is, weight in proportion to its diameter. A bullet must be fairly heavy in proportion to its diameter to overcome air resistance without too great a loss in velocity, and to penetrate deeply on heavy game. Consequently, the only good way to make bullets light in weight is to make them small in diameter.

The best black-powder rifles for deer and larger game ran from .40 to .50 caliber, and used bullets weighing from 300 to 500 grains. The best modern rifles for deer and larger game run from .25 to .30 caliber and use bullets which—in spite of being relatively heavy for their diameter—run from 100 to 220 grains.

How does a modern bullet, small in diameter but going at high speed, compare in killing power with an old-time big bullet going at low speed? The question has been argued ever since the modern high-speed bullet was made possible by the successful use of smokeless powder in the 1890s. One of the most convincing answers I have ever seen is furnished by a series of photographs taken in the Western Cartridge

Company's laboratory at East Alton, Illinois, and presented herewith.

The technical men at Western fired bullets of many calibers and velocities, both old and new, into four-inch cubes of gelatin and photographed the resulting effects at three-millionths of a second. The gelatin was the same as that sold in grocery stores for making desserts. But the mix was stiffer. The gelatin blocks made up for testing bullets look and feel more like the art gum used by draftsmen for erasing than any other substance I can think of. They would be a bit on the tough side to eat; they are stored in a refrigerator so they will remain firm until used.

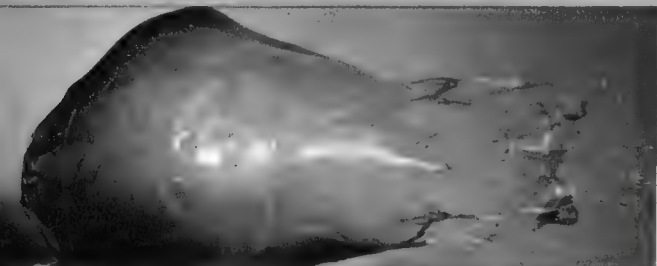
The choice of gelatin is the result of many expensive Army experiments. The Army found that gelatin reacts to a bullet almost exactly as living flesh does. Furthermore, the bullet reacts to the gelatin almost exactly as it does to flesh. Water offers a similar resistance to bullets, but it isn't so easy to handle and it cannot be cross-sectioned to show the wound channel after the bullet has gone through.

It is common to give the velocity of bullets at their highest, which is when they leave the muzzle of the rifle. But all bullets begin to lose velocity immediately, owing to the resistance of the air. The velocity that counts is the velocity the bullet still has out where the game is. The rifle bullets in Western's series of experiments were actually fired at close range but the powder charge was scientifically cut down to give the bullets the velocity they would have at 150 yards from the gun. The revolver bullets were given the velocity they would have at 25 yards.

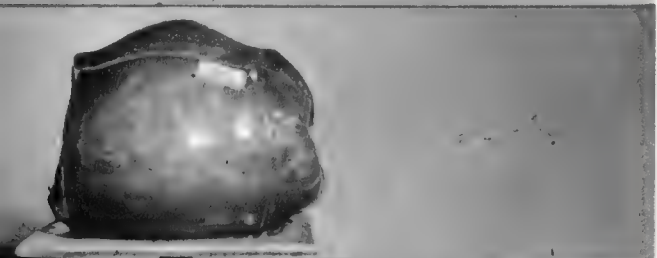
The idea was to photograph the blocks of gelatin at the



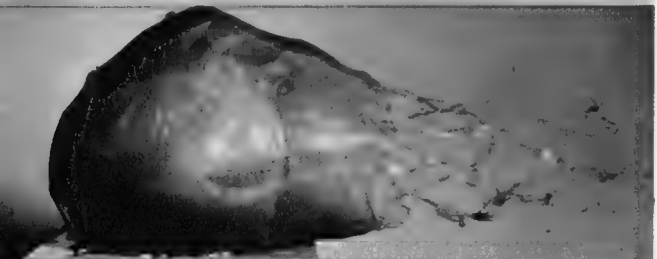
Why the .25-20 86 gr. is poor for deer. At 150 yards it has a 300-foot-pound slap, shown above. Compare this to . . .



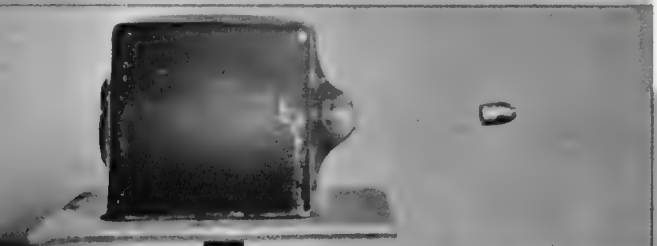
. . . the disruption caused by a modern .270 Silvertip 130 gr. at same distance. It has 2,220 foot pounds of energy here.



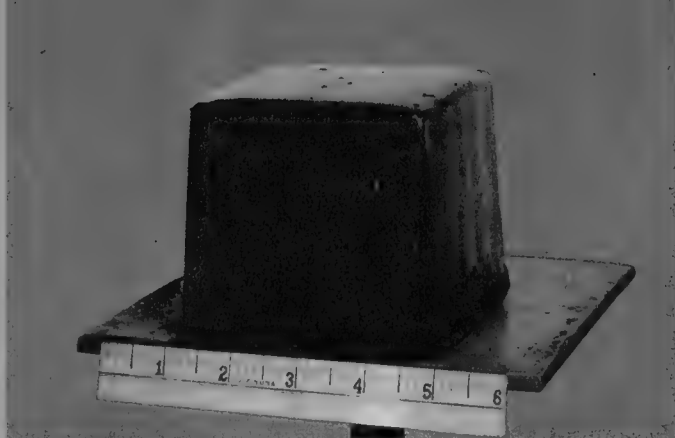
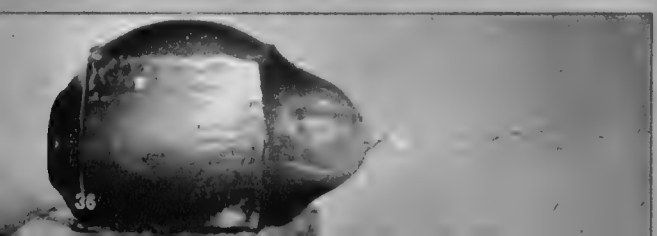
Short hunting range, poor expansion limit the .45-70 405-gr. soft nose. Mid-range trajectory at 150 yards—7 inches, but . . .



. . . today's .30-06 180-gr. expanding rises only 1.6 inches in same distance, has twice the wallop—2,125 foot pounds.



Famous man-killer of 1870s caught at 3/1,000,000 sec.—.45 Colt 255 gr. At 25 yards it does less tissue damage than (below) smashing blow of .357 magnum 158 gr. Powerful handgun cartridge's muzzle energy is 800 foot pounds.



Under the swift impact of a bullet, this specially prepared gelatin block will react very much like living flesh.

instant of their greatest expansion under the impact of the bullets. This does not occur while the bullet is passing through the block but a fraction of a second afterward. It was found by experiment that the greatest expansion occurred with rifles when the bullet was from 20 to 30 inches past the block, and with revolvers when the bullet was from four to ten inches past the block. A photographic disjuncter, commonly called an electric eye, was then set up at the right distance. The disjuncter was connected to a high-speed lamp that gives a flash lasting three-millionths of a second. The disjuncter caused the lamp to flash at the instant the bullet passed the beam. The camera was a 4x5 Speed Graphic.

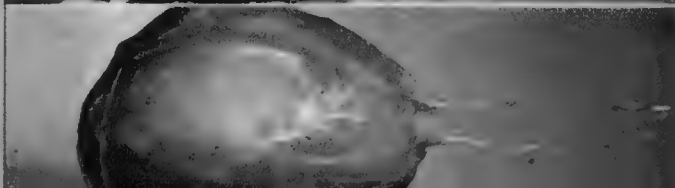
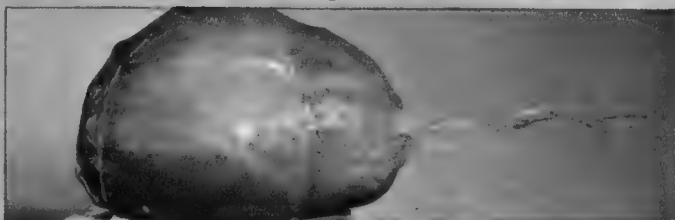
After each shot was fired, the block of gelatin was recovered, cross-sectioned and photographed to show the channel made by the bullet and the damage it did to the interior of the block—damage that corresponds to that it would have made on living flesh.

Anyone who studies the photos will see how much more disrupting a bullet at high velocity is than one at low, even though the low-velocity bullet is heavier and bigger.

Winchester introduced the .44-40 in 1873 for the first American repeating rifle to use center-fire cartridges. It shot a bullet of 200 grains at a velocity between 1,200 and 1,300 feet a second. The Winchester rifle in this caliber was, above all others, the rifle most used in the West for twenty years. In carbine form—that is, with a short barrel—it was the rancher's favorite meat gun and the one the men of the posse carried. It killed—at least at short range. A .44-40 bullet hardly disrupts the gelatin block (this test isn't shown).

The gun that superseded the .44-40 was the .30-30, which

One of the best old-timers, the .30-30 is still popular. At 150 yards 170-gr. Silvertip packs a Sunday punch, but (below) the modern, faster .257 Roberts 100-gr. Silvertip does better. Here energy is 1,300 foot pounds, 75 more than .30-30.

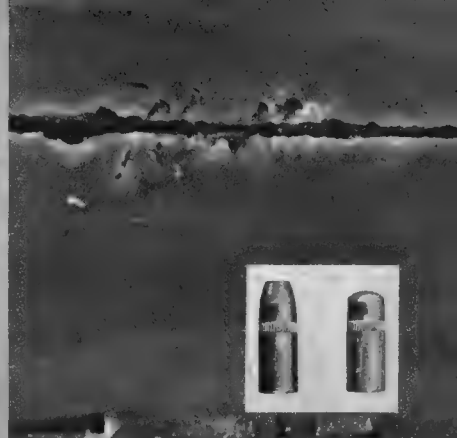




Cross-section gelatin "wound" channel. Inset—new, fired .30-30 bullets.



Fast .257 Roberts, 2,900 foot seconds at muzzle, expands early, thoroughly.



Slow .25-20, 1,450 foot seconds, hardly mushrooms, has little shocking power.

was introduced in 1894. It was one of the earliest smokeless-powder cartridges and is not now regarded as a high-intensity cartridge. It originally shot a bullet of 170 grains at a velocity slightly under 2,000 feet a second. Today it shoots the same bullet at a velocity of 2,200 feet a second.

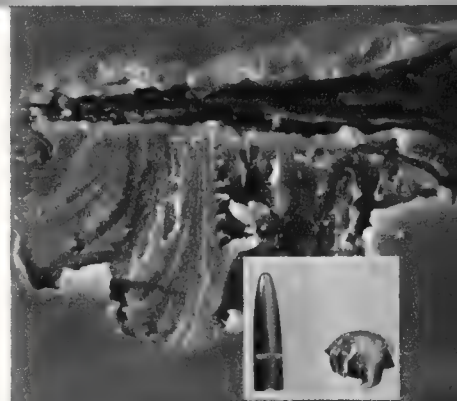
Though the rancher was usually satisfied with the .44-40 in the Seventies and Eighties, the sportsman who hunted big game was not. The Army adopted a single-shot rifle in 1873 that used the .45-70 cartridge with a bullet that varied from 405 to 500 grains. The velocity was not appreciably higher than that of the .44-40, and the bullet was only slightly larger in diameter, but it was much longer and heavier. The photographs show the heavy bullet of the .45-70 as being less destructive than the lighter, faster bullet of the .30-30. The .45-70 cartridge was so well liked that all the commercial arms companies in this country built rifles for it.

The modern counterpart of the .45-70 is the .30-06 cartridge which the Army adopted more than 40 years ago. In its modern loadings it is still one of the best big-game cartridges, but it is gradually being passed in popularity by the .270, which gives a considerably higher velocity. The photographs of

the effect of the .30-06 and the .270 show how much more disruptive these modern cartridges are than the old-timers. When struck by a modern bullet at high velocity, the gelatin block reacts as if an explosion had taken place inside it. Perhaps it is fair to say that high-velocity bullets produce an explosive effect—provided you remember that actually no explosion takes place.

There are several other revealing pictures in the series. One shows the effect of the .257 Roberts, a cartridge that is generally considered a better killer of deer than the old .30-30. The bullet weighs only 100 grains, but it leaves the muzzle at a speed of nearly 2,900 feet a second, rather than the 2,200 feet a second of the .30-30. It shows about the same distortion of the gelatin block as the .30-30. Another photograph shows the effect of the .25-20, which shoots a bullet of eighty-six grains. At 150 yards it has only a 300-foot-pound punch, compared to the 1,300 foot pounds of the 100-grain .257 Roberts. Perhaps this will convince some hunters that the .25-20 is not a good deer cartridge.

Finally, Western's photographs offer a chance to [Continued on page 60]



Terrible .270 damage. In game, bone pieces become secondary projectiles.

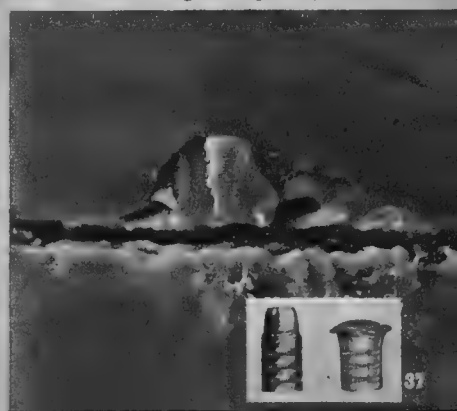
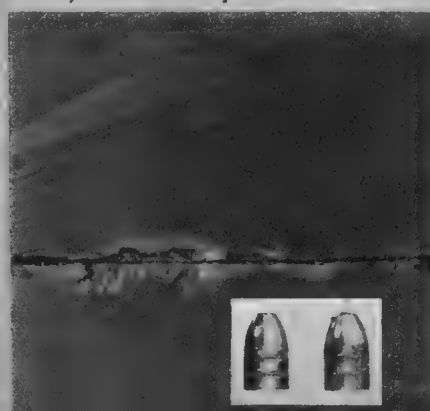


Above, .45-70 was formidable killer, especially on large, heavy-boned game. Below, powerful .357 magnum pierces steel; other handgun slugs only dent.

Full-jacket military .30-06 makes neat-wound than this expanding bullet.



The .45 Colt drilled a small hole, was easy for doctors to probe for, remove.





CAVALIER'S

by Paul Gardner

Cleveland's hopes for the pennant will live or die with this high-priced trio of 20-game winners, Bob Lemon, Mike Garcia and Early Wynn.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Cleveland
2. Yankees
3. White Sox
4. Athletics
5. Senators
6. Red Sox
7. Browns
8. Tigers

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

Mickey Mantle, Yankees

ROOKIE-OF-THE-YEAR

Harvey Kuenn, Detroit

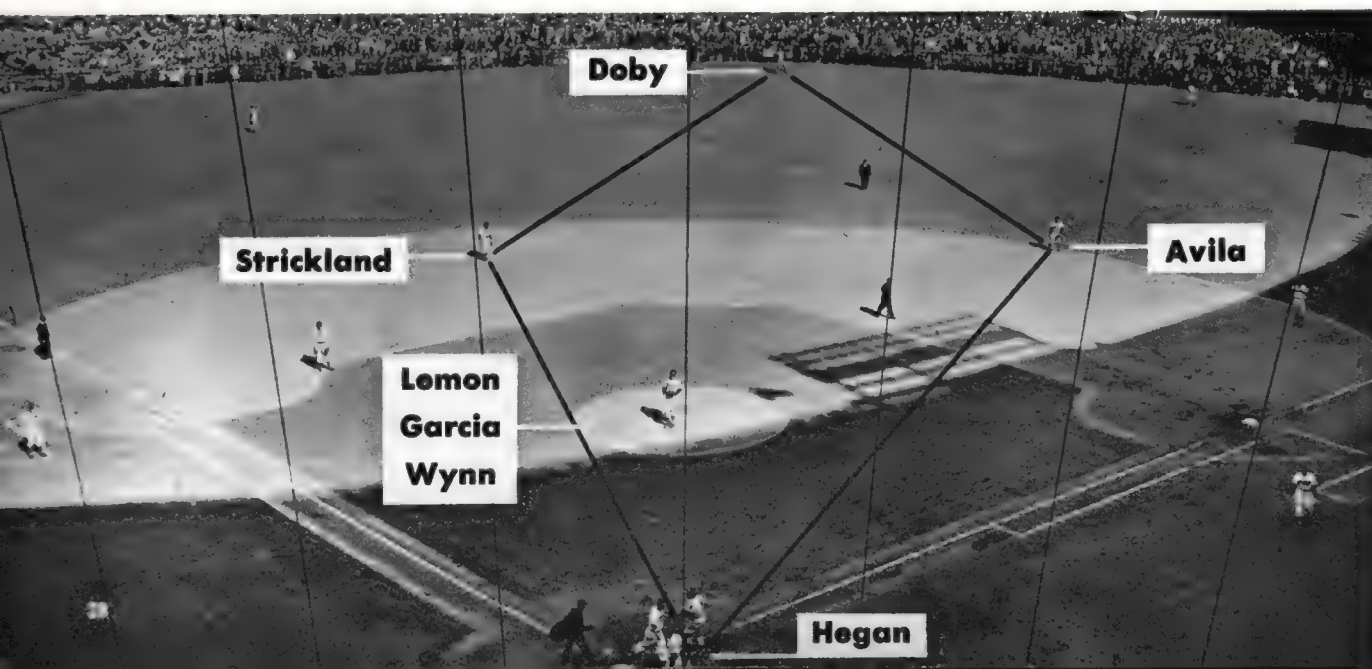
Just before the 1952 season opened, Monte Irvin, the New York Giants outfielder, streaked into third base in a meaningless exhibition game. He slid, his ankle caught; the crunching of bone sickened many of the spectators at the Denver, Colorado field.

"There," moaned manager Leo Durocher when he learned the extent of the star batter's injury, "goes our pennant chance."

In one unforeseen slide, all the patient build-up of the Giants towards a second successive pennant—the 1951 flag had been won on Bobby Thompson's memorable ninth-inning, play-off game homer against the Dodgers—dissipated into a dream. The Giants commendably finished second to the Dodgers in 1952 as Irvin returned too late to salvage the situation. At that, they were only $4\frac{1}{2}$ games out.

Baseball, therefore, is a game of imponderable and almost unpredictable factors. A player may have a good year, like the one relief hurler Jim Konstanty of the Phils enjoyed in 1950 and there floats the pennant. Willie Mays is drafted and the Giants are further weakened in 1952—Mickey Mantle's osteomyelitis

Experts judge a team by its strength up the middle. The Indians expect their pitching to overcome the weakness at short.



Pennant Predictions

A well-known sports writer sees the Indians winning—a comedown for the Yanks and a comeback for the Whiz Kids.

Robin Roberts, 28-game winner in '52, and Curt Simmons, who won 14 after his release from the Army, in the middle of the season, form the best righty-lefty pitching combination in the majors. They should win 45 this year.



keeps him with the Yankees and the New Yorkers stave off Cleveland for a fourth successive flag. Sometimes a key athlete, just over the top, suddenly slows a step in speed and a winning combination is shattered.

Personality clashes may affect prior judgment. The Boston Braves, bulwarked by pitchers Warren Spahn and Johnny Sain and with such dependables as Alvin Dark and Eddie Stanky in the infield, reached the National League top in 1948. But almost everybody started feuding with manager Billy Southworth in 1949 and the Braves haven't been in contention since.

Which leads us to the matter in hand. Which teams figure to gain the respective laurels in 1953? Four clubs could be in a blanket finish in the National League, while two—on the surface—look outstanding in the American League.

We, however, fearing no evil, point to our choices—Cleveland in the American League and the Phils in the National League.

Anybody who picks against the Yankees in the American League should consult his local psychiatrist. However, we have reserved him for the end of the season because we believe that that old devil, percentage, [Continued on page 68]

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Philadelphia
2. Brooklyn
3. Cardinals
4. Giants
5. Cubs
6. Reds
7. Braves
8. Pirates

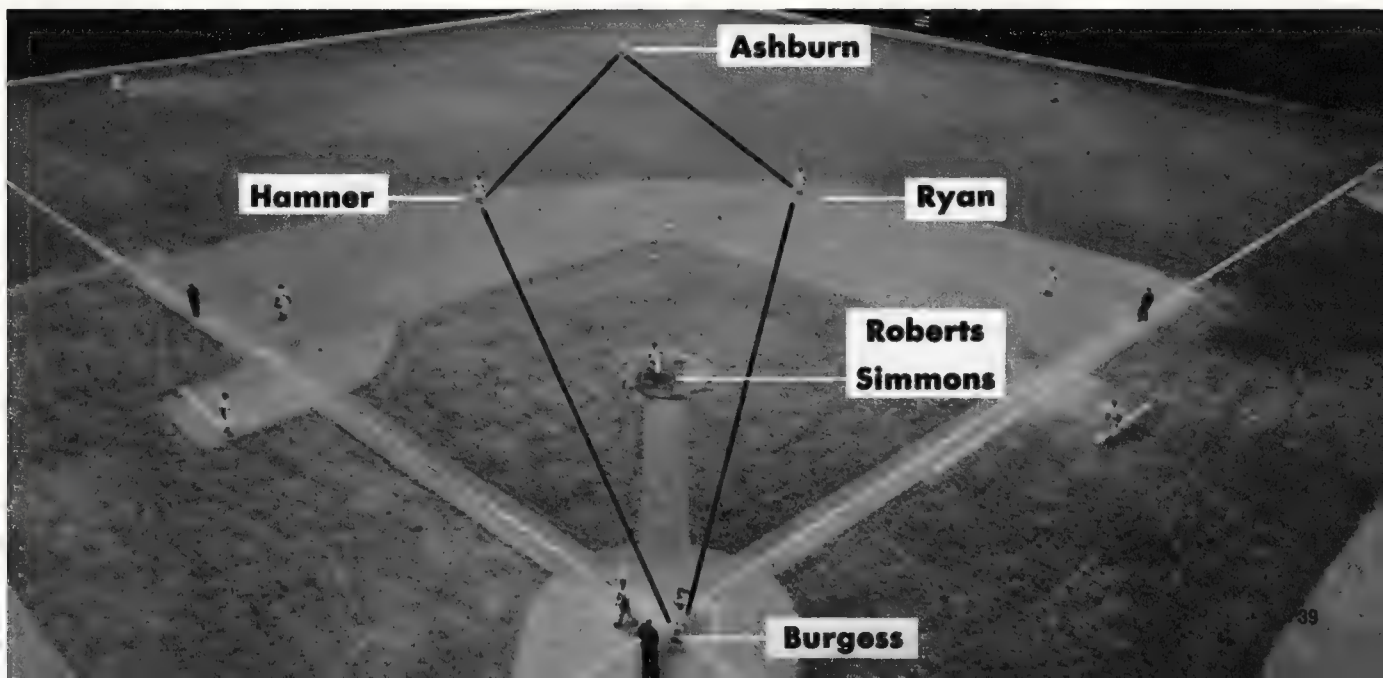
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

Robin Roberts, Phillies

ROOKIE-OF-THE-YEAR

Ray Jablonski, Cardinals

Connie Ryan solidified the Phillies' middle cordon last year, but the team got hot too late. This year they'll be on time.



Busby's Rat

Death waited at Cresap's Landing—horrible, gruesome death, fed by hate, spurred by revenge, dealt by . . . ?

This was what made the memory of that summer such a troubling thing: There was no moral to it. Preachers searched for it and the whispering women and the loafers on the long porch of the Brass House pondered over it years after. Some laid all the blame on old Busby and some on Jonas Tanner. But the women laid it mostly on Busby's daughter, Eliza, because she was beautiful and they could not forgive her that. In the end there was no answer and no lesson. Captain Gunn used to say that the river itself was the real criminal. But you cannot hang a river.

Old Busby was no fool. Once he had been the

finest pilot on the Ohio. Captain Gunn used to tell of the time when he and Busby were partners on the *Prairie Belle*. Even then Busby hated the river. He would stand at the pilot wheel like a man with a whip lashing a great and treacherous beast before him. And in the end, what he feared most, happened: The river turned on him.

This was 15 years after what Captain Gunn always referred to as the "Trouble Between the States," and he and Busby were now partners on the *Phoenix* out of Louisville. A boiler exploded three miles below Shawneetown, and Busby was pinned beneath a cotton bale on the boiler deck



by Dave Grubb

Illustrated by Hamilton Greene

with the live steam playing steadily, mercilessly on his legs.

Captain Gunn, by some miracle, had escaped without a scratch and, all that night, had helped get the wounded and dying to Shawneetown. Busby was left for dead on the counter of a general store, and then at midnight he had begun to scream again and the doctor amputated both legs.

In the spring Captain Gunn brought Busby and his small daughter Eliza back to Cresap's Landing and secured for him the position of wharf-master. There Busby sat day in and day out for 20 years on a little calico pillow, glowering at the

"Eliza, go into the bedroom!" snarled Busby, staring with animal-like hatred.

river. He and his daughter lived in the two rooms at the fore of the little wharf boat. The rest of it was storage room for freight; aft there was a room with sleeping accommodations for passengers who had to wait overnight for the morning packet.

Such a traffic of gamblers and whores and river-scum came and went there that it was a wonder Eliza had not actually grown up to be as wanton as the women of the Landing said she was. She was a dark, ripe girl with hair as rich and shining as a kettle of blackberries. Legend had it that Busby had murdered her Creole mother in Natchez when the girl was still a baby, then had fled north with a price on his head and gotten a pilot's berth in the Ohio trade. Yet the women of Cresap's Landing never hated Busby so much as they hated his daughter. And they whispered darkly as they watched the girl ripen into womanhood with the brooding beauty of a river willow.

Still, the thing that made Busby the talk of every riverman on the Ohio was not his temper nor his twisted body nor his beautiful daughter. It was the rats. Captain Gunn always said that Busby loved the creatures because they were the only living things that the river could never beat. From Pittsburgh to New Orleans they thrived along the banks among the mud and litter of flood-borne trash, flitting soundlessly along the shores at dusk and dawn—huge and grey and immortal.

When the spring floods washed thousands of them from their warrens, it would seem that the last of their kind had been sucked into the yellow waters forever. But when the river fell, and left the reeking, naked bluffs studded with the wreckage of houses and trees and the bloated bodies of livestock, the rats were always there again, darting like nervous shadows under the willows.

The river had turned on Busby, broken him and left him to rot out his destiny on the deck of a wharfboat. But the river could not beat the rats. They were immortal. Busby loved them for that. It had to be the answer, though Captain Gunn did not like to think about it often. . . .

One night, many years after the tragedy on the *Phoenix*, he went down to the wharfboat to pay Busby a friendly call. It was a warm June night just after sundown, and Captain Gunn could see Busby on his little cushion on the deck, his huge shoulders towering above his ruined body, his shaggy, dark head bent a little in the half-light. Captain Gunn stopped on the bricks at the head of the landing and stared, almost unbelieving. Busby was speaking in a low voice to someone. And yet there was no one there. Captain Gunn could not make out the words but there was something gentle and coaxing in the tone that was unlike Busby's usually loud and profane speech. Then Captain Gunn saw the rats.

For an instant he was sure they were the shadowy tricks that river dusk plays on men's eyes. He could not bring his mind to believe what he saw. There were a dozen of them—huge grey creatures, sitting on their haunches in a semi-circle around Busby like a litter of begging pups.

Busby had a bread loaf between the stumps of his legs and he was tearing off little bits of it and holding them out for the rats to take. There was something almost appealingly human in their aspect. Their little paws were like hands, and their black eyes were twinkling with an almost child-like pleasure. The most awesome of them seemed to be their leader. Captain Gunn said it was the largest rat he had ever laid eyes on, and he had seen rats on the Memphis waterfront that could kill a feisty dog. This rat was nearly two feet from its whiskers to the tip of its tail,

and it sat in the very center of the semi-circle just a few inches from Busby's calico cushion.

Captain Gunn gave up all notions of paying Busby a visit that night, and yet he could not tear himself away from the horrible and yet, somehow fascinating, spectacle. In a few moments the bread was all gone, and then Busby dipped into the pocket of his old pilot's coat and pulled out something shiny. It was a mouth harp. Captain Gunn could barely see him now as the fog reached up from the cattails along the shore, but he could hear the music. And he was never likely to forget the tune—Old Dan Tucker. Nor would he ever likely forget the sight, faint and blurred but unmistakable, of old Busby reared back against the wall of the cabin playing his mouth harp and keeping time with his head while the rats pranced and frolicked about him on the deck like dancers at a cotillion.

Captain Gunn left then. He hurried up to the bar of the Brass House and had two stiff drinks of bourbon as fast as he could get them down, saying not a word to anyone that night about what he had just witnessed. It was a long time before he could bring himself to speak of it. After a while he tried not to think of it at all.

Nobody might ever have known about the rats if Jonas Tanner hadn't met Eliza Busby that summer and fallen in love with her. Jonas was Captain Gunn's nephew, a man in his middle thirties, dark and earnest-looking with the pale, sallow complexion of people with heart disease. Captain Gunn had felt that the pleasant river voyage from Wheeling to Cincinnati might improve his nephew's health, so he had arranged cabin passage for him.

The evening the *Noah Cunningham* put into Cresap's Landing Jonas caught sight of Eliza in the window of the wharfboat and fell in love with her almost instantly. The boat was not scheduled to leave again till morning, so Captain Gunn had secured accommodations for his partner, himself and his nephew at the Brass House. That evening, as the three sat eating their supper together in the hotel dining room, Captain Gunn could see how deeply Jonas had been smitten with the beauty of Busby's dark-eyed daughter. But he said nothing, eating his meal in silence with an occasional glance at Jonas' untouched plate, knowing the young man would return to the landing that night to see the girl again. . . .

Eliza was alone in the kitchen when Jonas came back just after sundown. Busby was out on the deck and did not hear him come aboard. At first Eliza was too frightened to speak—not so much of Jonas as of the awful rage his presence was certain to arouse in Busby. Jonas introduced himself properly and Eliza, scarcely knowing why, asked him to sit down. Neither of them could keep his eyes off the other.

"My name is Jonas Tanner," he said. "I'm the nephew of Captain Gunn of the *Noah Cunningham*. I hope you're not angry at my just coming up and introducing myself like this. I saw you when we docked today, and I thought maybe you might not mind my coming down this evening. It's so quiet up in the town. Not a bit like Cincinnati or Louisville. What's your name?"

"Eliza," she whispered.

"Are you angry with me?"

"No," she said. "It's very strange. But I'm not angry."

Then she blushed and fell silent for a moment, oblivious to anything in the world but this pale, thin stranger who looked at her with such a tender warmth. Then she gasped and turned quickly at the dry scuffling that marked Busby's progress in from the deck. Jonas stared at the

great torso and the shaggy head upon it crouched there in the doorway, staring with an animal malevolence first at the girl and then at him.

"Eliza," Busby said, "go into the bedroom."

Jonas glanced quickly at the girl, saw her black eyes blaze. She seemed more beautiful to him then than anything he had ever seen. Then he felt the blood rush angrily to his face.

"Eliza!" roared Busby, smashing his fist on the floor beside him. "Get into the bedroom!"

Jonas suddenly grew wild with rage and opened his mouth to answer the old man. Then he saw the rat. It came up beside Busby as swiftly and silently as the shadow of a gar. Jonas closed his mouth and felt the sweat break on the back of his neck as Busby reached over and gathered the huge creature into his arms, stroking its grey ears as if it were a house cat. Eliza seemed to wilt then, and the fire went out of her eyes. She went into the bedroom.

"There have been several," said Busby in a strong, clear voice, "who have taken a fancy to my daughter, sir. Every one of them lived to regret it."

Then, letting the rat loose, he turned suddenly on his fists and went back out through the open doorway onto the deck.

Jonas stood for a moment, wondering whether to have the thing out then or to wait. He could hear Eliza in the bedroom sobbing softly. Jonas' heart was troubling him so badly from the excitement that he decided to put the business off till morning. He went back to the Brass House then, wondering at what he had seen—this wild, golden girl living with Busby. And the rat. That seemed the darkest part of the whole business.

Jonas took his heart medicine and undressed silently

in his room. He decided to say nothing at all to Captain Gunn but to have the matter out with Busby when the *Noah Cunningham* returned from Cincinnati at the end of the month.

When the steamboat put into Cresap's Landing again two weeks later, Captain Gunn suspected without Jonas' telling him that the boy meant to marry Eliza Busby and take her away. That night, when he saw his nephew heading down Walter Street he was certain he'd been right.

Busby was alone, as usual, on the foreward deck of the wharfboat. Eliza sat by the window of the bedroom staring out at the snowy, filagreed elegance of the *Noah Cunningham* towering in the dusk down the shore. Then she heard Jonas' low whistle from the willows up on the bank. Her heart was beating so fast she almost shouted her joy.

She bent to peer up through the twilight and gave a low, answering whistle. Another whistle came back to her after a few seconds, and then she heard Jonas moving cautiously down through the tall grass. It was almost completely dark now, except for the twinkling lanterns on the *Noah Cunningham* and the soft yellow glow of the oil lamp on the kitchen table. Jonas came quickly up the little gang plank and swept Eliza into his arms.

"I couldn't tell you," she whispered, hardly able to breathe. "I couldn't tell you how much I wanted you to come back that day. He said he'd kill you if you ever come back. God in heaven! Sometimes I think I'm losing my mind, too. Take me with you, Jonas! I'll marry you or anything. Just take me—!"

He kissed her, and there was [Continued on page 71]



There were 12 of them—huge grey creatures, sitting around Busby on their haunches, like begging pups.



By severely dropping hood between fenders, Farina gives this Ferrari excellent visibility. While the bumpers reflect

SPORTS CARS GO

There's a sports car revolution going on in Europe. Speed isn't enough anymore. Now they're designing plush jobs that make the Caddy seem drab

There was a day when anyone could tell you what a sports car was, at least designwise. If it was square in the gears, in the engine, and in the body—it was a sports car. If the wheels were high and spoked, with knockoff caps and bicycle tires, you had yourself the true article. Cycle fenders were a must—and so were outside headers, a saddle-bag tank, and a ride like a square-wheeled cart.

This school of design produced a great many remarkable cars: the MG, the Bugatti, and the Le Mans Aston-Martin, to name only three. But there's weeping in the wind now, because the last cycle fender and the last saddle-bag gas tank have, finally, clattered into the scrap heap. Modern sports cars have gone slick.

And let's face it: the Italians are to blame. The Italians and—shhh—Detroit. Yes, the tubby monsters we build here have actually influenced sports car design.

Evidence of this is apparent in the work of Ghia, one of Europe's greatest designers and one of the best body builders in the world. His work on the 1400 Fiat is strictly from Detroit, dollar grin and all. Business is booming for Ghia, what with special orders from Chrysler (for whom he executed the K-310) and continental manufacturers.

In the past, European car owners desired extreme road-

ability above comfort and mere transportation. One reason for this was the nature of European roads, especially around the cities: winding, hilly, narrow. No wonder designers concentrated on cars whose cornering characteristics made driving a safe bet—rather than a soft bed. Today, however, aerodynamic coupes and convertibles (incorporating style, speed, safety *plus* comfort) have a plushness that designers of sports cars in the 20's and 30's would have said was impossible.

In France, Facel-Metallon is actually "mass" producing special coachwork for Simca and Ford Comete. Twelve cars a day are coming from two of the three Facel plants, and handsome cars they are—particularly at the price: \$3,600 for the Simca; \$3,850 for the Comete.

Of course, not all the new sports cars are built for the luxury-minded. Many are still lean and sparse, stripped for competition. The Gordini is one of these. Simplicity keynotes its design, though the car is still opulent by the supercharged-hayrick school standards. It ran away from all the big-engined monsters at Le Mans, only to be eliminated by brake troubles.

Germany is building sports jobs, too. Good ones. For fast touring, Daimler Benz offers the Mercedes 300S series—



Detroit influence, the wheels retain Latin styling.

SLICK

By Alfred Coppel

conservative by French or Italian standards, but modern and elegant to a degree undreamed of a decade ago.

And, of course, there is the Mercedes 300SL, the champion. Fastest and best sports car in the world.

Cycle-fender addicts really suffer when they see this thoroughbred. A wide and streamlined closed coupe with a whispering exhaust, it made the other cars at Le Mans sound loud and vulgar.

Vanity and esthetics are not the only reasons modern coachwork has gone slick. Today, sports cars are hitting speeds that need aerodynamic design. The old idea of the sparse and angular sports car is, to put it bluntly, no longer functional.

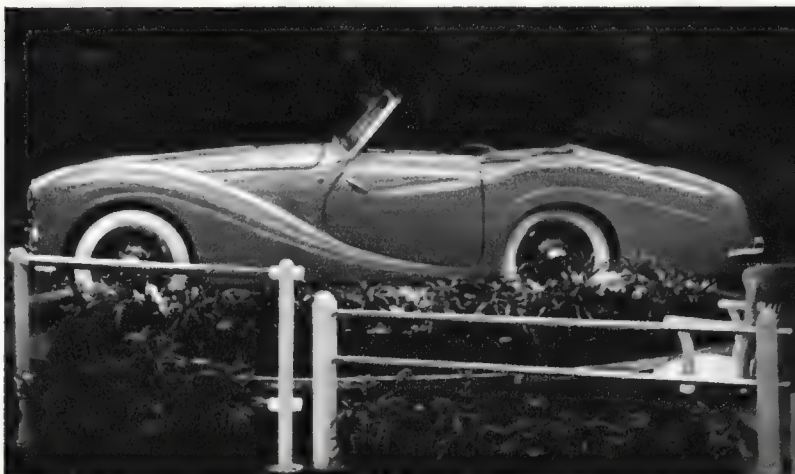
It won't be too long now before Sonny spots an MG-TC dancing along the road and asks you what it is. When you answer him, speak softly and with reverence. Take off your hat, slow your Mercedes to 90, and say with a tear in your voice, "That, son, was a classic car."

ONE CAR—THREE BODIES



▲ PEGASO BERLINE

By Touring of Milan, this job sports outside mufflers, removable rear window. Doors house racing spares; front fenders hide tanks.



▲ PEGASO BY SAOUTCHIK

Typically French, convertible features opulent curves, small doors, wheel arches that curve with tire rim, plus walnut interior.

▼ PEGASO SUPERLEGGERA

No chrome is used on this clean-cut Italian two-seater, no door handles to mar sides. The windscreen is radical "cupid's bow" design.





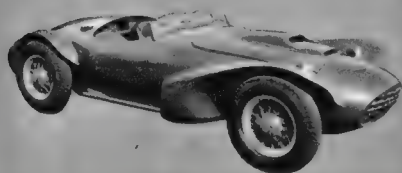
MERCEDES 300SL

Fastest racing job in the world, the 300SL utilizes aerodynamic design to hit top speeds in excess of 150 mph. Made entirely of aluminum, car's upward opening doors caused much controversy at first. In the interest of safety, plastic is used instead of glass. Though entry is awkward, the Mercedes is comfortable, with ample head and leg room. Below: the 300S, 3-passenger sedan.



SIATA BY BERTONI

Characteristic of Bertoni's coachwork is the straight-lined flush side treatment. Detroit influence is seen in the (1) trunk slope (2) the position of the rear light housings (3) the wrap-around bumpers. Racing wire wheels are standard. Four wheel independent suspension makes for superb road-holding. Below: Bertoni's conception of the same car utilizing an orthodox racing body.



GHIA-FIAT 1400

Full width bodywork and seating capacity for six make this Italian sedan the counterpart of the American Buick, Olds or Hudson. Of interest is the substitution of a two-tone paint job for the usual chrome trim. Much of car's size is disguised by the judicious use of contrasting colors. Grilled is pure Detroit. Interior is simple, with upholstery to match exterior. Wheels are partly shrouded, as in the American Nash. While not a sports car, the Fiat has been driven extensively in competition.



FACEL-BENTLEY

Dramatic contrast between straight lines and wheel arches emphasize Bentley's long, low look. The break in the fenderline at the waist is similar to the Cadillac and Kaiser, as are the head and fog lamps. Interior: in full leather. Panel: polished walnut. All interior hardware is matte-finished silver. The car seats three comfortably. Below: a side view emphasizing sleek coachwork.



FACEL-COMETE

This five-seater shows American influence in side disc wheels with large plain hubcaps. From the Italians: the use of the wheel arch to conform to the wheel itself. From the French: sparing use of chrome. Strictly speaking, the Comete is more a fast touring car than a competition job, though it has borrowed a good deal from road-racing machines. Below: the smart sedan version.



GORDINI

Spartan in its simplicity, the body of the Gordini is a flattened tube sloping evenly to front and rear. No grille is used and lights are housed in the scoop. A racer only, interior is deliberately kept sparse. The upholstery is leather over foam rubber, with both the steering wheel and instrument panel in leather covering. Interior width is 45 inches, and the car is just 36 inches high at the windscreen. Air is ducted from the front scoop to both front and rear brakes to make for better cooling.

Hunting the Giant

The headwaiter at the Australia Hotel in Sydney looked at me as if I were crazy and, knowing I was from America, probably felt that explained it.

"No, sir," he apologized. "I've never heard of it."

"But you must have," I protested. "Why, kangaroo-tail soup's the Australian national dish, or close to it." He shook his head and gave a tolerant smile. "Well," I persisted, "have you any roast bandicoot or baked wallaby?" He stared hard at me and then, with a muttered apology, disappeared somewhere to the rear, possibly, I thought, to call the police. But when he returned he had a relieved smile, though he was still somewhat dazed.

"I've talked with the chef, sir, and he tells me it's possible you may find such dishes in the interior, in the out-back, but I'm afraid here in Sydney we don't . . . er . . . indulge." I gathered he meant Sydney was civilized.

Now, I had Mrs. Beeton's famous cookbook back home in San Francisco, an Empire cookbook I suppose, and it contained a section loyally devoted to Australian cookery, which I had carefully read before leaving.

This book described in detail the way to prepare bandicoot (a sort of 'possum) and wallaby (a species of small kangaroo) and black swan and other such delicacies. And of course kangaroo-tail soup. In fact I had heard of the famous soup for years, in odd spots from Zanzibar to Buenos Aires, but so far as most Australians in the cities were concerned, I was just a queer chum mumbling in his

gums. They'd never tasted the stuff and only a few had heard of it, though at that very time some enterprising firm was shipping canned 'roo-tail soup to America, where it was on sale at some of the more exclusive groceries. All very baffling.

I had my first 'roo-tail soup, finally, some 400 miles in the interior away from Sydney, when a very tolerant station owner, or rancher, had his cook specially prepare the dish to humor a whimsical guest. "It used to be eaten quite a lot in the *old* days," he explained. "Still is in the out-back, and of course, the blacks, the *abos*, eat anything. But now with us it's mostly beef and mutton, same as elsewhere."

"Rabbit?" I inquired, and that one word is enough to make any Australian station owner (sometimes also called pastoralist) shudder and turn pale. "Rabbit?" he choked. "Oh, of course, if you like rabbit, yes. But . . . let's just forget rabbit."

So we forgot rabbit and talked about 'roos. It is generally known, of course, that rabbits are a pest down under and in their good seasons can cover acres with a crawling, hopping brown carpet that devours everything green in its path. But it is hard to think of giant kangaroos running in such numbers that they also are a menace to the grazing lands. Yet they are.

Driving along a road at night through a comparatively settled section, I have seen

"Hunting The Giant 'Roo'" is a Cavalier bonus reprint, Copyright 1948, Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Cornered and desperate, a big 'roo is something no sensible hunter should tangle with.



'Roos

by Albert Richard Wetjen

Illustrated by John Vickery

Once you've hit that kangaroo trail, all other hunts will seem dull as hell. Brother, here's game that's tricky and different!



the wild 'roos scatter and bound away before the car lights so you wonder where they all come from and where, in that thinly bushed country, they manage to hide during the day. When you consider your old-man 'roo may reach a height of nearly seven feet, and the does are only a foot less, the matter fills an outlander with curiosity.

Mine was satisfied when I was taken on a 'roo drive in the country west away from Melbourne. It was fairly settled country and the 'roos had been thinned out sufficiently so that in normal years they were "protected" as being interesting natural fauna. However, every once in a while they increase in numbers to the pest stage again, and the government gives permission for some necessary thinning out.

When that happens, your station owner oils his guns, sets his womenfolk to work whipping up tucker just as for a picnic, summons his boundary riders (sort of cowboys), calls in his neighbors and their boundary riders with their well-trained dogs, and all hands set out either on horseback or in a few cars and proceed to clean up.

The party I was with traveled for some miles along a dusty, heat-hung country road (it was January, midsummer there), and on each side of us the scented wattles bloomed and from every tall and weary eucalyptus the kookaburra, or laughing-jackass birds, greeted us jeeringly, aided by the magpies and flocks of wild red parrots. The dogs yelped and ran around eagerly, until we turned off into a paddock and on a curt command, they fell silent.

A paddock in Australia can be a mere few thousand acres or it can be as big as a county. Ours was just a moderate one of say 50,000 acres, and we bounced and bumped over the ground for maybe half an hour when we stopped. "There you are," my host said. "There's your 'roos!"

I looked. I had a binocular and looked again. I could see

a sea of parched grass, gently swaying in the hot wind. I could see a few gum trees, a few tea trees and some scattered bushes. But I would have bet 10 to 1 nothing larger than a rabbit could be hiding in that grass which was only about two feet high in the best spots. "How the hell can you tell there's 'roos?" I demanded.

"I can't," my host admitted. "That is, I can't see them yet, but look at the dogs." I looked, and all the mute dogs were pointed in one direction and still as statues. Remember, they were just a nondescript bunch of sheep and cattle dogs and not your highly bred and specialized bird dogs. But, evidently, they were superbly trained.

"'Roos are pretty shy," said my host. "If we get too close they'll break. They haven't yet, because we've stopped. Like the wild emus, they have intense curiosity, which is what makes them pretty easy. They'll wait until the last minute, and then it's too late. Satisfied?"

I took another long look over that sea of grass and said yes, I was satisfied. I couldn't see a thing. Then my host gave the word and the dogs shot like streaks across the apparently empty plain. Then the 'roos showed. First, tips of questioning ears, up-pointed like a rabbit's, barely discernible, and then suddenly they broke!

Even allowing for their perfect defensive coloring, I still don't see how animals of that size kept cover so well in that grass. But with the now clamorous dogs streaking ahead, the whole paddock suddenly seemed alive with 'roos.

They heaved out of the most unexpected spots, fanned out like coveys of quail; giant boomers taller than a man; lesser females heavy with pouched young, or joeys, as they are called, and smaller infant 'roos now on their own.

You could hear the solid thumps of their tails as they took leap after leap, and some of the leaps were mag-

There are more than 50 kinds of kangaroos, ranging in size from six inches to six feet. They're fast, elusive, silent.



nificent—the measured record being, I believe, a leap of 34 feet, and that over a six-foot fence. Well, these babies were certainly covering 20 feet at a bound, and it was easy to see how, for a short distance, they could outrace a fast dog or a horse. The tails, by the way, have nothing to do with their leaps. The tails are sort of balancing rudders, and something to sit up on.

"Now you'll see how they hide," said my host, and gave a short whistle or two, repeated by the boundary riders and other station owners. The excited, frantic dogs stopped dead in their tracks and were silent. It seems incredible to be able to halt dogs cold, just like that, but it was done. The frightened 'roos, as my host had predicted, slowed down as soon as active pursuit stopped and, apparently filled with their natural vast curiosity again, literally melted away in the shade of some bushes.

Only one old-man 'roo, the patriarch of this tribe, I suppose, remained upright and in view, alert and watching us. But as for the others, even knowing where they were and with my binocular, I couldn't spot a single one. Now I can believe that it's possible for even a skilled and wary hunter to practically step on a leopard, a tiger, and maybe even an elephant, and get messily massacred in a hurry.

Well, the drive went on and the shooting started. As I understood it, on these thinning-out drives the idea is to get as many old-men 'roos as possible, to slow down the breeding, and after that the does. These drives are not staged for sport so much as from necessity for preserving pasture for cattle and sheep.

The men on this drive went about the job rather methodically, with the dogs cutting off and turning a 'roo at bay and sometimes finishing it themselves; and the only time the boundary riders seemed to find it a sport was when they shook out their terrible stock whips. These whips, which run anywhere from 12 to 20 feet long, are to the boundary riders what the lariat is to the American cowboy and the *bola* or *bolero* is to the Argentine gaucho.

You may have seen the Australian stock whip used in circuses to flip a cigaret from a girl's lips. But I think most working boundary riders would consider this just easy showing off. After watching a few of them, I think they can remove a fly from a horse's nose so delicately the horse isn't even touched.

I know I saw some of the boys in this drive shake out their whips, which they carry usually coiled over the saddle horn, ride after a hurriedly [Continued on page 62]

Mr. Beadle's Baseball



By any stretch of the imagination could you picture the members of two 20th century big-league baseball teams (Giants and Dodgers, for instance), at the end of a ding-dong game, linking arms and hastening to the groaning board and the flowing bowl set up by the home team—a sort of Kiwanis Club clambake, we'll say?

Well, a hundred years ago rival teams cut up didoes like that. This custom prevailed in the 1840's and 1850's, the years of baseball's growing pains, after Abner Doubleday had laid out the first diamond at Cooperstown, N. Y., and Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr., the "Father of Modern Baseball," as he is labeled at Cooperstown's National Baseball Hall of Fame, had organized the first club, the Knickerbockers of New York, in September, 1845. For then the game was purely amateur, played by gentlemen in gentlemanly fashion.

But let Mr. Beadle, who in 1860 got out his little pamphlet, *Dime Base-Ball Player*, tell what happened at the convention of the National Association of Base-Ball Players:

"It was at this convention that the abolition of the custom of furnishing refreshments on the occasion of matches, was unanimously recommended. This custom, which originated in a desire to promote friendly intercourse between the members of the various clubs, had degenerated into one seriously detrimental to the game, owing to the spirit of emulation that arose among the clubs, each aspiring to excel the others in the expense and splendor of these entertainments. It almost led to the dismemberment of three or four of the leading clubs, and the abandoning of the custom was as desirable as it was prudent."

Beadle deals with the early development and organization of the game. He comments on many "pretty" points and technicalities. Recounting how baseball stemmed from the "very simple game" of English origin, Rounders, played by boys "and even girls," he writes:

"But baseball requires the possession of muscular strength, great agility, quickness of eye, readiness of hand, and many other faculties of mind and body that mark the man of nerve."

However, the early sportsmen didn't much relish the idea, inherited from Rounders, of being put out while running bases by having a baseball hurled

at them at high speed. That practice resulted in some "severe accidents" before the Knickerbocker was organized. It was then abolished. That club wrote the first rules in 1845 and these prevailed until May, 1857, when the first Convention of Base-Ball Players adopted a new set. By then 22 clubs were operating, mostly around New York.

A second convention took place the following March, when the National Association of Base-Ball Players was formed, "to improve, foster and perpetuate the American game of Base-Ball and the cultivation of kindly feelings among the different members of Base-Ball Clubs."

No bases were given on balls in those days. "The pitcher," a rule said, "must deliver the ball as near as possible over the center of the home base, and for the striker." The batter could hit a good one, could strike out, or he could just stand there, waiting for a man on first to make second. "But," writes Beadle, "he should not be too fastidious in this respect . . . it is exceedingly annoying to the spectators." Moreover, if he dilly-dallied like that, the umpire, after warning him, could call three strikes and he'd be out. "No good players resort to that style of play," says Beadle.

Rowdism of any sort, of course, was taboo. You could not "sass the umpire," even if you did look daggers at him. Writes Beadle:

"We scarcely need to remind each of the basemen that whenever they ask for judgment from the umpire, on any point of play, they should forbear from commenting on the same, be it good or bad, but receive it in entire silence. Such is the course a gentleman will always pursue."

He likewise lays down the law for that lordly official. "The Umpire," he writes, should "avoid conversation with any party during a game, and also turn a deaf ear to all outside comments on his decisions, remembering that no gentleman, especially if a player, will be guilty of such rudeness, and none others are worthy of notice."

Mmm, maybe Mr. Beadle has something there. But the feeling here is that if today's players were to follow those rules in their treatment of the umpires, they'd have to eat and drink together after the games, just as the old-timers did. Who else would talk to them?

—Norman Ritchie

BALLADS FOR MEN—

THE SHOOTING

Klondike Mike was a famous old sourdough. On his return from the Yukon, the rumor spread that he had been in at the death of Dan McGrew. Despite his repeated denials, the rumor persisted until finally Mike began to believe it himself.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon;

The kid that handles the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune;
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew;
And watching his luck was his light-o'-love, the lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the night, which was fifty below, and into the din and the glare,

There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks, dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.

He looked like a man with a foot in the grave and scarcely the strength of a louse,

Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the bar, and he called for drinks for the house.

There was none could place the stranger's face, though we searched ourselves for a clue;

But we drank his health, and the last to drink was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes, and hold them hard like a spell;

And such was he, and he looked to me like a man who had lived in hell;

With a face most hair, and the dreary stare of a dog whose day is done,

As he watered the green stuff in his glass, and the drops fell one by one.

Then I got to figgering who he was, and wondering what he'd do,
And I turned my head—and there watching him was the lady that's known as Lou.

His eyes went rubbering round the room, and he seemed in a kind of daze,

Till at last that old piano fell in the way of his wandering gaze.
The rag-time kid was having a drink: there was no one else on the stool,

So the stranger stumbles across the room, and flops down there like a fool.

In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he sat, and I saw him sway;

Then he clutched the keys with his talon hands—my God! but that man could play.

Were you ever out in the Great Alone, when the moon was awful clear,

And the icy mountains hemmed you in with a silence you most could hear;

With only the howl of a timber wolf, and you camped there in the cold,

A half-dead thing in a stark, dead world, clean mad for the muck called gold;

While high overhead, green, yellow and red, the North Lights swept in bars?—

Then you've a hunch what the music meant . . . hunger and night and the stars.



OF DAN MCGREW

And hunger, not of the belly kind, that's banished with bacon
and beans,
But the gnawing hunger of lonely men for a home and all that
it means:
For a fireside far from the cares that are, four walls and a roof
above;
But oh! so cramful of cozy joy, and crowned with a woman's
love—
A woman dearer than all the world, and true as Heaven is true—
(God! how ghastly she looks through her rouge—the lady that's
known as Lou.)

Then on a sudden the music changed, so soft that you scarce
could hear;
But you felt that your life had been looted clean of all that it
once held dear;
That someone had stolen the woman you loved; that her love
was a devil's lie;
That your guts were gone, and the best for you was to crawl
away and die.
'Twas the crowning cry of a heart's despair, and it thrilled you
through and through—
"I guess I'll maké it a spread misere," said Dangerous Dan
McGrew.

The music almost died away . . . then it burst like a pent-up flood;
And it seemed to say, "Repay, repay," and my eyes were blind
with blood.
The thought came back of an ancient wrong, and it stung like
a frozen lash,
And the lust awoke to kill, to kill . . . then the music stopped
with a crash,
And the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned in a most
peculiar way;
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he sat, and I saw
him sway;

Then his lips went in a kind of grin, and he spoke, and his voice
was calm,
And "Boys," says he, "you don't know me, and none of you
care a damn;
But I want to state, and my words are straight, and I'll bet my
poke they're true,
That one of you is a hound of hell . . . and that one is Dan
McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out, and two guns
blazed in the dark,
And a woman screamed, and the lights went up, and two men
lay stiff and stark.
Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead, Dangerous Dan
McGrew,
While the man from the creeks lay clutched to the breast of the
lady that's known as Lou.
These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess you ought to
know.
They say the stranger was crazed with "hooch," and I'm not
denying it's so.
I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys, but strictly between us two—
The woman that kissed him—and pinched his poke—was the
lady that's known as Lou.

Robert W. Service

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Illustrated by David Lockhart



what's your best buy in a Summer Suit?

Forget about fashions. Look at the facts—and beat the heat!

by Sidney Margolius

For a truly outstanding buy in the low-priced field, CAVALIER chooses the Palm Beach. In the medium-priced class, our Oscar goes to the tropical wool worsted.

You can beat the heat this summer. You can make child's play of the scorchers—if you pick the right fabric. Trouble is there are a dozen different types in the stores, many of them on the market for the first time, and all of them claiming to be an air-conditioned dream.

You can call it a revolution in men's clothing, but unfortunately the average guy is right in the middle of all the

shooting. He no longer knows what to buy—or to pay.

A summer suit takes a real beating. It has to withstand humidity and sweat—be crisp enough at five to meet the wife or girl friend.

It ought to go through a shower without being marked by water spots.

A man I know bought a suit the salesman said had 5 per cent of some unfamiliar fiber and put \$50 on the counter for it. The suit wrinkled any time he sat down. By afternoon it looked as though he'd slept in it. Now it hangs in his closet, unworn and unloved—a monument to confusion.

YOUR GUIDE TO SUMMER SUITS

FABRIC	DURABILITY	COOLNESS	WRINKLE RESISTANCE	SHAPE RETENTION	STABILITY WHEN WET	PRICE	REMARKS
COTTON CORD OR SEERSUCKER	good	tops	poor	poor	fair	from \$25	outstanding in comfort, not appearance
MOHAIR BLENDS (PALM BEACH)	good	tops	tops	good	good	from \$30	unlined model coolest
TROPICAL RAYON	fair	good	fair	fair	poor	from \$30	must have crease resistant finish, otherwise wrinkles badly
RAYON-NYLON	good	good	good	fair	fair	from \$35	should have at least 15% nylon
RAYON-ORLON	good	good	good	good	good	from \$37	should have 50-50 blend
LINEN	good	fair	poor	fair	good	from \$37	washable if skeleton-lined
TROPICAL WOOL WORSTED	tops	good	tops	tops	good	from \$40	2 x 2 worsted best
RAYON-DACRON	good	good	tops	good	good	from \$40	should have 50-50 blend
SILK	good	tops	good	tops	poor	from \$47	has natural resistance to bagginess
ORLON-WOOL	good	tops	tops	tops	good	from \$50	based on trade estimates; has not been tested
DACRON-WOOL	tops	good	tops	tops	tops	from \$60	has less tendency to "pill" than all-Dacron
ALL-DACRON	good	good	tops	tops	tops	from \$75	excellent for travel, but limited supply



He knows he's hot, but does he know which tropical to pick?

This report by CAVALIER is aimed at saving you from costly mistakes.

Buying a summer suit does not have to be a problem, if you know what qualities you're after. One fellow may want coolness above everything. Another may need a suit in which he can look impeccable at all times. To some it's immaterial whether a suit can or can't be washed; to others it's a key factor.

As you can tell from our chart, some suits have more of the desired qualities than others. The real trick is to pick one with the particular virtues you need—at the price you can pay.

One of the most vital qualities to look for is shape retention. Wool worsted has a natural resiliency that enables a suit to shed bagginess. So do the new synthetic fibers. However, by themselves these new fibers are expensive. To bring down the price, Dacron or Orlon are blended with rayon. What's confusing is that the different fibers are used in varying proportions. From now on you'd better scan the labels to see what you're getting.

As a rule of thumb, a blend of rayon with Dacron or Orlon ought to contain at least one-third and, preferably, close to one-half of the synthetic fiber. Otherwise your suit won't achieve the characteristics of greater wear, wrinkle resistance and shape retention. A rayon-nylon blend ought to have at least 15 per cent nylon to enjoy the high durability that goes with nylon. A rayon suit with only a small percentage of other fibers might just as well be all rayon.

There's nothing wrong with rayon itself if it's a good fabric and has been chemically treated with a "crease-resistant finish." Look for the CRF tag on the label—a must if you're going to get a rayon summer suit.

And now, here are the leading summer suits, grouped according to price, and what you can expect from each:

LOWEST-PRICED SUITS

Cotton Seersuckers and Cords: These are the coolest suits you can buy, the least costly (as little as \$25) and the easiest for your wife to wash at home, because they have few such tailored details as shoulder pads and lining. They're popular with younger men (who often use the jacket as a summer sports jacket) and are widely worn in the South. But they look sloppy for business wear—tend to wrinkle and bag. Rayon-and-nylon cords do better.

Tropical Rayons: The low price (\$30-\$35) and improvement in rayon suits has made them the fastest-selling type in recent years. For a man who has to look businesslike, but doesn't want to spend much dough, a rayon suit is not a bad choice. Rayon suits (except rayon-nylon cords) must have dry-cleaning—and competent cleaning at that.

Palm Beach: This number will generally outwear rayon suits. It's a blend of many fibers (chiefly mohair and rayon) and derives its strength and wrinkle-resistance from the mohair content. An unlined Palm Beach (\$30) is cooler and lighter than many other types of summer suits, and is one of the few truly washable [Continued on page 80]

Perfect Escape

The noose was ready...the crowd was angry...the killer was yellow. Then the sheriff told him the deal

By Jonathan Craig

Illustrated by George Giguere

Men were standing three deep at The Pride's long bar when he came in, but they moved back to make room for him, and the din of conversation in the saloon faded to a whisper. This, he knew, was in deference neither to his age nor his badge; it was because, in half an hour, he was going to hang a man.

The barkeep put whiskey and glass before him and moved away, and Sheriff Walt Jameson poured the single drink of whiskey he allowed himself on days like this and drank it and lowered the glass back slowly to the bar.

The man on Walt's right laughed bitterly. "That Jasper's charging a dollar a drink today, like he does every time there's a hanging. Maybe it's *him* that should get his neck stretched."

"Maybe," Walt said. He glanced at the other man's reflection in the bar mirror: it showed a heavy face, sweating and expectant.

The man cleared his throat. "You think Curly will show yellow, Sheriff? You think he'll try to bust and run?"

Walt shook his head and said nothing. The badge pinned to his shirt seemed to grow a little heavier with every hanging, he reflected, just as the walk from the jailhouse to the scaffold always seemed a little longer and the steps up to the gallows a little steeper than before.

"Well," the man said, "Curly's sure paying a high price for nothing. You could beat the brush for months without finding a plainer woman than that Betty Campbell. Funny thing is that she had Curly plumb loco about her. Leastways, I figure a man's loco when he empties a Colt into a woman's husband just so he can get his own meathooks into her."

Walt put a silver dollar on the bar and turned and strode across the sawdust-littered floor to the batwings. On the boardwalk, he paused a moment, squint-

The kid smirked at the staring, hostile faces that would be so disappointed when the trap door opened.





GIGUE

ing against the sun toward the lot where the crowd was milling around the new pine scaffold.

He had watched folks from outlying ranches arriving ever since daybreak—walking, and on horseback; whole families in wagons and buckboards, the women with picnic lunches and the men with whiskey jugs. They had looked forward to this for weeks.

All that morning Walt had seen the younger folks sparking in broad daylight, while the children skylarked and their parents stood around and talked with obvious relish of the entertainment that would be furnished them at noon.

Walt spat into the dust of Center Street and walked toward the jailhouse.

His deputy said, "Just about time, Walt?"

Walt nodded. "Just about." He gestured back toward the row of cells. "How's he holding up?"

"Whimpering."

"Anybody been to see him?"

"Nobody. That young-un ain't got a friend in the world."

"We'll be taking him out in a couple of minutes, Jim. Better make ready."

Jim smiled and slapped the holster on his hip. "I'm ready."

Walt walked back to the last cell—the only cell that was occupied—and bobbed his head to the boy sitting on the bunk.

"All right, Curly."

Curly Perrin looked younger than his 18 years. Naked fear crawled in the wide-set gray eyes that stared back at Walt and his thin face was sheened with sweat. He tried to get to his feet, then sank back, trembling, his lips moving without sound.

It's like Jim said, Walt Jameson thought to himself. Curly hasn't got a

friend in the world. Probably never did have one.

Suddenly Curly bent his head and covered his face with his hands. His sobbing was open and helpless.

Walt looked at the boy a moment, while the fingers of his left hand strayed up to touch the small bulge in the pocket of his frayed denim shirt. Then he took the cell key from his belt and opened the door and stepped inside. Curly's eyes jerked up to Walt's face again.

From the street and the yard outside, Walt Jameson could hear the rising drone of voices. More restless now, higher pitched. He sat down on the bunk beside Curly, and the eyes he turned on the boy were flat and cold.

"You're a damn fool," he said quietly.

Curly wet his lips, staring at him.

"If I was your pa," Walt said, "I'd let you hang." He laughed softly, contemptuously. "But your pa's a damn fool, too. He figures your neck's worth saving."

"Pa?" Curly said incredulously. "God, Sheriff, Pa hates—"

"Shut up," Walt said tightly. "Keep your damn voice down and listen hard."

"But—"

Walt's big hand lashed out and the palm landed against Curly's cheek with enough force to rock the boy's head.

"I told you to shut up and listen," Walt said. "I'm taking a big chance doing this." He glared at Curly. "I don't want Jim out there to hear this. Understand?"

Curly nodded. He looked to Walt as if he were going to be sick to his stomach.

Walt glanced quickly in the direction of the office. When he turned back to Curly, his voice was very soft.

"Your pa and me made a deal," he

said. "He sold his ranch and the beef for a right smart piece of cash." He touched the bulge in the pocket of his shirt. "It's all in here."

Curly's mouth moved, but it was his eyes that questioned. A little of the color had seeped back into his face, but he was still sweating.

Steps sounded in the corridor outside, stopped in front of the cell. Walt glanced up angrily at his deputy. "You want something, Jim?"

Jim's pale eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"Well?" Walt said.

"I wondered what was holding you up," Jim said. "You need some help?"

"No," Walt said. "Wait in the office."

Jim's eyes drifted to Curly Perrin and then back to Walt. "You real sure, Sheriff?"

Walt's eyes locked with his deputy's. "Wait for us in the office," he said again.

Jim hesitated a moment, then he shrugged, hitched up his gun belt and moved away. A moment later Walt heard the scrape of Jim's chair and the creak of it as he sat down.

Curly Perrin leaned forward. "How?" he whispered.

"We'll go through the motions," Walt said. "But you won't hang."

"But how?"

Walt let his breath out slowly. "A lot of years ago a carnival fellow taught me a trick with a rope. He made his living by letting people truss him up and then getting loose again. The rope he used was in two pieces, spliced together so you couldn't tell it—unless you yanked on it pretty hard. It takes a while to fix a rope that way, but I had all last night to do it."

Curly Perrin had stopped trembling. His grey eyes were very bright.

"That's the rope out there right now," Walt went on. "I'll pull the trap, and you'll drop—but you won't hang. That rope will come apart and you'll keep right on going. You might bust an ankle, but not your neck."

Curly shook his head slowly. "I can't hardly believe it," he whispered.

"If you was me, you'd believe it fast enough," Walt said bitterly. "I'm 62 years old—eleven of them a lawman. And all I got to show for it is a tin star. It wasn't hard to take your pa's money. Not a damn bit hard."

"I mean about Pa," Curly said. "He said I was getting what I deserved. He wouldn't pay for a lawyer. He never even came to see me. And he wouldn't let Ma come, neither. He—"

"He's a hard man," Walt said. "But not that hard. When the chips was all down, he come through for you. Like a damn fool."

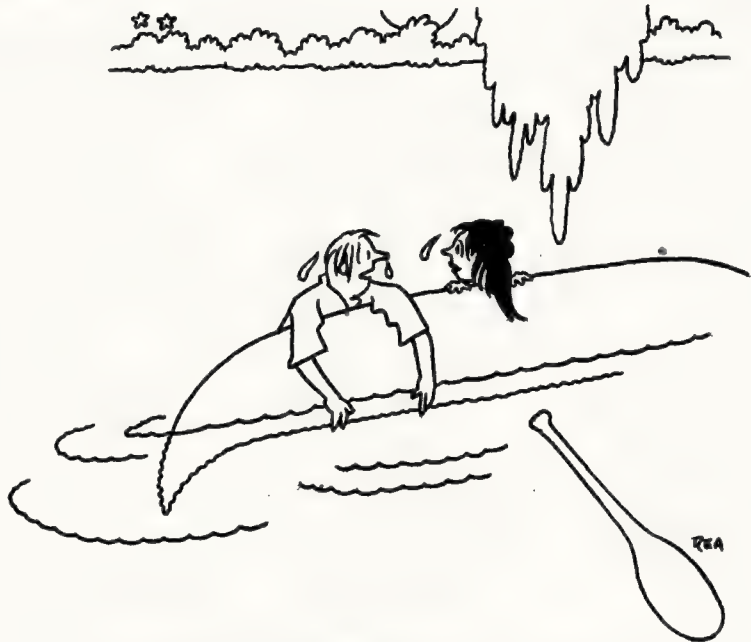
Curly's voice was hoarse. "I don't hardly know what to say."

"No need to say anything. Money does all the talking in this world, son." He touched the bulge in his pocket again. "Just remember that a man can only be hung once for the same crime. It sure ain't your fault if the rope breaks. When you pick yourself up off the ground, you'll be a free man."

Curly nodded eagerly. "God, Sheriff, I—"

Walt put his face close to the boy's. "And remember *this*, too, mister. You're

CAVALIER



"Well, that's one more thing it's not safe to do in a canoe."



WHAT THE BULLET DOES

Continued from page 37

compare the famous revolver bullet of the Seventies and Eighties—the Colt .45—with the most discussed modern revolver bullet, the .357 magnum. The Colt .45, which drove a bullet of 255 grains at a velocity of a little under 900 feet a second in the black-powder days, was a famous man killer. The .357 magnum drives a bullet of 158 grains at a muzzle velocity of 1,450 feet a second. It is plain from the photographs that the .357 bullet causes a greater disruption of the gelatin block and a much wider wound channel.

But the photographs, striking as they are, do not tell the whole story. They do not show that one reason for the terrific effect of small-caliber bullets at high velocity is the fact that, when properly designed, they expand to something like twice their original diameter when going through flesh. Solid-lead bullets at low speeds do not expand on flesh unless they have deep hollow points. A. C. Gould, who was a hunter of much experience and a thorough student of rifle shooting in the Eighties and Nineties, decided that his favorite .45-70 rifle was unreliable on deer because the bullet did not expand. He designed a hollow-point bullet that would expand on deer. However, it was not suitable for use on heavy game, such as elk or moose. It expanded so much on them that it failed to penetrate. One relic of Gould's is still commercially loaded—the hollow-point lead bullet used in high-speed .22 long-rifle cartridges. The bullet expands and has greater killing power, on such game as squirrels, than the solid bullet.

It was early discovered that lead-alloy bullets would not stand the heat of heavy charges of smokeless powder. They had to be protected with an envelope or jacket of harder metal with a higher melting point. Mild steel served the purpose but was rather hard on rifle barrels. Cupronickel, an alloy of copper and nickel, was widely used for years, but had a nasty habit of depositing lumps of metal in the bore. The lumps deformed bullets, destroying accuracy. They couldn't be scrubbed out with a brush but had to be dissolved with an ammonia solution. The present jacket material is usually copper, or gilding metal, which is an alloy of copper with from 5 to 10 per cent of zinc, or the patent Lubaloy used by Western Cartridge and Winchester, which is gilding metal with a small percentage of tin.

The first military bullets used with smokeless powder were long and heavy with round noses. The 7mm. (.28 caliber) used by the Spanish in 1898 and by so many South American armies ever since, the 6.5mm. (.256 caliber) used by several European armies and by the Japanese in the beginning of World War II, the British .303, and our own Krag .30 caliber,

were all examples of this type. The velocities ran from 1,900 to 2,300 feet a second, a good deal higher than black-powder velocities but low by modern standards.

The British, fighting fanatical natives on the border of India, found that their round-nosed bullets with hard-metal jackets lacked stopping power. They made only a small hole and unless they struck the brain, or the spine, or the heart, they did not kill quickly. The tribesmen came on fighting after being hit, some times after being hit two or three times. The British arsenal at Dum Dum, India, gave the bullets stopping power by grinding off the metal jackets at the nose, exposing the soft lead. The practice was soon outlawed.

Modern military bullets are much lighter in weight than those formerly used, so they can be given higher velocity, and they usually have long sharp points so they will buck the air better. Our own 220-grain round-nosed Krag bullet at about 2,000 feet a second gave way to the 150-grain sharp-pointed bullet at 2,600 feet a second (used in the Springfield '03 rifle) and more recently to a similar bullet at 2,800 feet. Such bullets usually make a clean hole unless they strike bone, and a man hit with one often recovers in a matter of weeks. Military men find this satisfactory in most circumstances. They usually consider a wounded man more trouble to the enemy than a dead one.

Hunters are more humane. They prefer not to wound an animal that may die hours or days later. They try to anchor their game, sometimes because they want the meat and sometimes merely because they wish to be certain they have succeeded in making a kill. The sharp-pointed, metal-jacketed military bullets occasionally tumble after striking, inflicting terrific wounds. But they cannot be counted on to do this. Hunters demand bullets that expand.

There are three basic ways of making a high-velocity bullet that will expand. One stems from the Dum Dum: it leaves a portion of the lead core exposed at the nose. Such bullets are usually called soft nose or soft point. A second way is to put a hollow in the point of the bullet, after the fashion of Gould's hollow-point lead bullet. Such bullets are now often called open point. Sometimes the hollow is protected by a cap in order to give the bullet a sharper point, but the principle is the same. The third way is

to make the point of the bullet of hard metal with a wedge form at its base. The wedge spreads the lead core on impact.

The only bullets now commercially manufactured on this principle in this country are the Remington Bronze Point and the Peters Protected Point. After filing a Remington Bronze Point and a Peters Protected Point down to half the diameter, I could see no difference in the construction. The tip in both cases was shaped like a wedge at the base. One advantage of such a bullet is that its sharp point cuts down air resistance.

Soft-point bullets have been more widely used in this country than any other type since high-velocity bullets came in. The chief problem in designing soft-point bullets is to determine how much lead to expose. If a good deal of lead is exposed, the bullet may do well on light animals, such as deer and antelope, but expand so much on heavy animals, such as elk or moose or Kodiak bears, that it won't penetrate far enough.

The problem is further complicated by velocity. The higher the velocity the less lead can be exposed. But the velocity depends to some extent on the distance. Suppose one man hunts deer in thick woods where the range is seldom greater than 50 yards, and another shoots deer across a canyon at 300 yards. How is the maker to design a bullet that will work equally well at short range, where the velocity is high, and at long range, where the velocity has fallen off?

Most commercial soft-point bullets have flat or rounded noses. This means that they lose velocity more rapidly than sharp-pointed bullets. But the round or flat nose has its advantages under some circumstances. A long, heavy, round-nose bullet cuts through brush, whereas a high-velocity bullet may be deflected by a twig. If the velocity is very high, a twig may cause the bullet to fly apart.

The soft-point bullet can be protected at the nose by a cap of harder metal. The Silvertip bullet developed by Western Cartridge and used also by Winchester is an example. In this case the bullet has the usual jacket of Lubaloy surrounding the base and sides. The tip is covered by a thinner jacket of silvered copper or German silver that goes down inside the outer jacket. On impact the thin jacket over the nose collapses and the main body of the bullet is held together by the heavier Lubaloy jacket.

This last is important. A bullet that expands makes a bigger hole, but a bullet that doesn't hang together has little penetration. Many devices have been used to make the front part of the bullet jacket peel back as the bullet goes into flesh, but not for more than a third the length of the bullet. Remington and Peters make soft-point bullets with a jacket having scalloped edges where the jacket ends and the soft lead is exposed. These scallops have been compared to the petals of a flower. That is fair enough except that the petals of the bullet jacket are neither soft nor delicate, but present hard sharp edges as they peel back.

On heavy game it is essential that the main body of the bullet remain intact.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 2, UP; Page 3, INP; Page 4, bot. l., bot. r. WW; bot. cent. Acme; Page 5, l. Acme, r. WW; Pages 12-15, Bernard of Globe; Pages 16-19, V. G. Miller; Page 22, Grimland Photos; Page 23, UP; Page 28, t. Curt Gunther; Page 36, t. b. UP; Page 38, t. Acme, b. WW; Page 50, Australian Travel Bureau; Page 55, Fashion Bureau.

A bullet that flies apart is fine on woodchucks and may do well when planted in the chest cavity of a deer. It cannot be relied on to break the shoulder of an elk or to go on through into the vital region when it is necessary to shoot a large animal from the rear. One answer is to make the jacket of the bullet thicker. Remington makes the Corelokt bullet and Peters a similar, if not identical one, called the Innerbeltd. These have a jacket thickened to support the lead core.

The startling effects of high-velocity bullets on game have given rise to the theory that they will kill by shock. Often a hunter reports that a deer was killed in its tracks by a shot in the paunch and that the bullet did not touch the spine, heart, or the lungs.

There is no doubt that bullets at high velocity produce explosive effects. The photographs taken by Western show that. But the theory that the shock of high-velocity bullets is sufficient to kill wants proof. Surgeons recognize the importance of shock but they do not believe that mere shock kills. They suggest that the hunter who believes he has killed an animal by shock, rather than by the familiar method of putting a bullet in the brain, spine, heart, or lungs, has not observed the path of the bullet closely enough. One possibility is that a bit of bone, becoming a secondary missile when struck by a bullet, has done the final damage. Another—and this may explain those shots in the paunch that sometimes kill a deer in its tracks—is that the diaphragm is burst. Few hunters recognize how important the diaphragm is. A shot that bursts the diaphragm kills quickly because the animal then can't breathe.

A correspondent recently asked me what I thought of a rifle that shot a .22 caliber bullet weighing forty grains at a velocity of 5,400 feet a second and killed the largest game by something called "hydraulic shock." It seems to me possible to build a .22 caliber rifle that produces a velocity of 5,400 feet a second. But it does not seem possible to me that a forty-grain bullet can be relied on to kill heavy game.

What, after all, is the advantage of high velocity? The men who used the old .45-70 found this slow but heavy bullet good enough to kill any game on this continent. Why are we better off with the .270 and the .30-06? The answer is range. When sighted for 200 yards, the bullet of the .45-70 rises from twelve to fourteen inches above a straight line in getting out to the target. The .270, with a bullet of 130 grains, rises only two inches in reaching 200 yards. The .30-06, with a bullet of 180 grains, rises only three inches in reaching the same distance.

In the days of the .45-70 and similar rifles, it was considered rather foolish to shoot at a game animal more than 150 yards away, for an error in guessing the distance meant a miss. Nowadays, with such a rifle as the .270, an error in guessing the distance doesn't matter much. Not, at least, until you try a shot beyond 300 yards. The modern high-velocity rifle when fitted with a telescope sight, makes it possible to kill game at two or three times the former distance. •

Good Soldiers PAY OFF



Aboard the *S. S. Queen Elizabeth* when I went to Britain as a war correspondent in 1943, I became acquainted with a young fighter pilot who lived near me in New Hampshire. His name was Albert J. Ricci.

After a good start flying a Mustang P-51 against the toughest German opposition, Al ran into trouble the following spring. His Mustang was shot to pieces in mid-air and he was wounded, but he managed to get clear, take to his parachute and land safely. He was captured and sent to a German hospital, where he quickly recovered.

The rest of Al's story was told to me after the war, when I ran into him in Keene, N. H.

From the hospital, Lt. Ricci was transferred to the famed *Stalag Luft I*, which was situated at Barth on the Baltic Sea. There were 9,000 American prisoners of war there when Al arrived. You can't stifle American initiative, and the first thing Ricci did on arrival was walk into a poker game where he lost \$200 before he bedded down for the night.

Al was no millionaire, and besides he had a wife and two youngsters worrying about him back home. A debt of \$200, even in the form of a prison camp I.O.U., was no particular comfort. Determined to pay it off as soon as possible, Al made a deal to do laundry for his prison pals. This arrangement became so popular that he soon found himself running a sizable business.

Real money, of course, was not available, so Al's customers paid him with prison checks. These instruments of trade were scribbled with indelible pencil on toilet tissue, the backs of labels taken from tin cans and strips of wrapping paper salvaged from food parcels.

When VE-Day came, Al was carrying checks payable to him valued at \$1,800.

Eventually the American prisoners at *Stalag Luft I* were released by the onrushing Soviet Army. With their newfound freedom came official word from

General Eisenhower ordering them to stay at the camp and promising that arrangements would be made to fly them out immediately.

One day passed, and no planes. Two, three and then four days went by. Finally Ricci and several others decided to evade the Russians who were guarding the mainland end of the peninsula on which the prison camp was situated, by trying to escape across a narrow bay to another spit of land about a quarter of a mile away. They had hidden a small boat in some weeds and when darkness fell they attempted their unofficial exit.

All would have gone well, except that ten prisoners piled into a boat designed for three or four. The boat capsized, tumbling them all into the water, and that ended that. Lieutenant Ricci had his modest fortune of prison-camp checks in his shirt pocket; it was sodden. Still hopeful, he put the wet wad in a handkerchief and put his trust in Providence.

On arriving home, Al went into the First National Bank of Keene and tossed the pulpy pile on the desk of Mr. S. M. Boardman. "How about cashing these for me?" he asked.

Mr. Boardman has more than his share of imagination, but this was something new. The wad looked more like something from the bottom of an old scrub bucket than negotiable paper.

"Let's talk this over," Mr. Boardman said, being very patient.

Al explained and together they sat down, smoothed out what was left, deciphered the names of the banks on which the checks were drawn. From memory Al clarified the signatures.

It was with some misgivings, however, that Mr. Boardman sent them to the clearing house for payment.

But he needn't have worried. Not one prison-camp check bounced. For his \$1,800 in bleary scrawls Al received exactly \$1,800.

Good soldiers pay off.

—Arch Whitehouse



HUNTING THE GIANT 'ROOS

Continued from page 51

departing 'roo and wrap the whip round its legs and trip him so they could leisurely ride up for the final shot. They can trip and tie up cattle the same way, too.

"Well, that's that," said my host finally, as he regretfully watched the 'roo survivors leap away into the vast distances. "But they'll be back, the bastards! D'you know, every damned 'roo on my land means I can run just so many less sheep or cattle?" I admitted I understood that angle. "And," he continued, "I sometimes wonder why we have a bounty on dingoes, or why I keep a dingo hunter on the payroll. It's a tossup which is worse. The 'roo that chews up the pasture or the dingoes that slaughter sheep and calves."

The dingo, or Australian wild dog, is the only natural enemy the 'roo has, and left alone keeps the great marsupials fairly well under control. But the dingo is catholic in his diet and, like our outlaw dogs in the States, is apt to run berserk through a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep. So the station owners often keep special riders to trap and poison dingoes, and the government pays a bounty on their ears. It's an interesting angle, all told, on the evils of upsetting the balance of nature. You kill off the dingoes, so the 'roos prosper. And then you have to kill off the 'roos instead of having the dingoes do the job for you.

However, after this drive I was mainly interested to see that the hunters skinned the dead 'roos (the pelts being worth at that time 15 shillings each, baled and de-

livered in the city) but no one bothered about the huge fat tails. So where again was my tattered conviction that 'roo-tail soup was the Australian national dish?

Now, previous to my search for the famous soup, my ideas as regards kangaroos were very hazy indeed. I thought them an interesting biological survival and an evolutionary link, and I thought they were very cute in zoos. Outside of that, they seemed mainly important as sparring partners for our more cautious heavyweights. The economic angle had never occurred to me, but it comes very vividly home, as does the rabbit problem, once you know Australia.

Down there you discover there are many sorts of 'roos. We usually only see the large variety, and occasionally the small brother, the wallaby. But there are also cousins and aunts like the kangaroo rat, the tree kangaroo and so forth, and what is fascinating is that all of them, even the giant seven-foot boomer, starts in the doe's pouch as a sort of pallid grub maybe less than half an inch long.

The kangaroo, along with the giraffe, is supposed to be the only animal that is unable to make a sound. It is generally conceded the giraffe is totally dumb, but I can personally say that an old-man 'roo, when roused, can give out a sort of soft, muffled, liquid snarl almost like an angry dog. This can be conceded. But another item comes in that rather shatters the seemingly fixed ideas of a natural instinct for self-preservation.

In an Australian ghost town called Hill End, in New South Wales, a town that once boasted about 30,000 popula-

tion and was, and is now down to something like 300, I met in a bush pub a man who had been a professional kangaroo hunter, back in the days when they were really pests everywhere and the government paid to have them cleaned out.

This ex-hunter told me that every once in a while, while trying to corner an old-man 'roo, especially in the breeding season, the old man would turn and come at him or even, if very pugnacious, would wait just out of range of campfire light until one of the hunters would go out to fill a water bucket or answer a call of nature. Then the old man would come in, softly snarling (I made sure of that point) and the main thing was, said the ex-hunter, to keep away from his forepaws. And he explained.

The kangaroo has only one defense, aside from his speed in getting away fast. He has a great hind toe, so hardened and elongated that it can rip any enemy from chest to bowels with a stroke. But, before this can be done, the 'roo has to embrace the victim, hug him close, and then reach up and rip. So the problem is, if cornered, to keep away from the forearms, as without that deadly embrace the 'roo is comparatively helpless. I asked how this could be done if a hunter was suddenly attacked and without any weapon.

This man said, "Well, if you're lucky you back against a tree, or get the other side of one and try to scare him off with yells. If you're still luckier you pick up two sticks, a short one and a long one."

I asked, "Why two different-sized sticks?" And he said, "Well, look, chum. You get two hefty sticks, see? You hold out the short one. The 'roo wants to grab it and hold it so he can rip. He reaches for it, and that brings him in range of the long stick. You conk him hard and it's all over. It don't take much to kill 'em!" Sir Colin McKenzie, curator of the Federal Museum at Canberra, told me that



he agreed with this. Just as a sharp blow on the snout will kill a seal, and even a light tap back of the head will kill most snakes, so a good blow on the side of the neck or a heavier one between the eyes will kill a 'roo.

A kangaroo, chased and finally cornered, will, if possible, turn at bay near water—a river or a lake. There are not many of these in the desert inland, but the 'roos as a whole keep fairly close to water naturally. Anyway, if finally cornered and desperate, and attacked by dingoes or men with their hunting dogs, a 'roo will open himself to attack on the water's edge, clasp the man or dog to his breast, then plunge into the water and stay under with the attacker until both are drowned. To my knowledge, this is the only case I know of a species that, in a desperate situation, deliberately commits suicide.

This was so much against all current biological theories I naturally questioned it. Every living thing is supposed to fight

for life, even when it's hopeless. Only "man" is supposed to be able to think himself into his own grave. Yet here we have a comparative primitive, left over from the beginning of the world, who as a last resort deliberately goes down dying with his enemy wrapped close to him.

There seems to be no mistake about this. The old 'roo hunter at Hill End told me it was so. A couple of old-timer station owners said it was so. Sir Colin knew of the matter and from some seemingly authentic sources, but he did not wish to commit himself, as personally he had not witnessed such an act. My friend Mr. John Giles at Parachilna says he wouldn't be surprised.

The does," he says, "will always try to get away, naturally, especially if they're carrying joeys in the pouch. But the old man often takes a notion to fight and I've seen some damned good dogs get just a bit too close and get ripped open."

As a sort of anticlimax I asked Mr. Giles just what happened to the 'roo skins he shipped to Adelaide and so to America, and he didn't know. Well, I don't know either. The 'roo skin is not very enduring, the fur being easily worn off with a little use. I think for years I was the only man in San Francisco who boasted a kangaroo-skin rug, presented to me by the mayor of Ballarat. I assume the skins that come here from Australia must, like the rabbit skins, go into the hat grade. But what of the kangaroo tails?

When I returned from Australia after my exhausting search for the supposedly national dish, and very determined to write Mrs. Beeton of cookbook fame a severe letter on her misknowledge, a very close friend had arranged a dinner for me, and as the dish of honor, to make me feel at home he had, with some scurrying around and trouble, found . . . yep . . . you guessed it. A can of kangaroo-tail soup! I hope he chokes! •



FAT MAN'S DOOM

Continued from page 26

here," he said. "Instruct the boys to break camp. We're leaving in an hour."

"Agreed," Cameron said unexpectedly. "I have less to lose than you have."

Dubois stopped in the act of opening the match book. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Cameron's voice remained level and good-humored. "I mean simply that if we move today two men will have to carry Bobo. So we leave some ivory."

Dubois opened his mouth in anger, then he saw Evelyn dancing excitedly at his side, reaching for his matches. His hand cuffed heavily downwards, missing the little head, and he was on his feet instantly, his great boot swinging upwards at the monkey belly. But Cameron's long arm lifted higher and faster than the boot, and he pulled the little creature to his lap.

"You're not used to civilized ways," he murmured to the monkey.

Dubois looked about for a victim. And found one. Bobo had raised his head inches from the litter, his mouth was open in a grin of delight.

The big man strode across the fire. "Lazy black devil!" he shouted. "You can't walk but you can sit up and laugh!"

He seized the boy's shoulder, pulling him to a sitting position, and was attempting to shake him to his feet. But Cameron's toe slipped behind Dubois' heel and Cameron's hand cupped the bully's chin. Dubois, hands flailing, fell heavily to the sodden ground. He came up, breathing hard, his hand fumbling for his holster.

Cameron picked up a brand from the fire. His voice was still steady as he poised it.

"Don't make me use this, Mr. Dubois,"

he said. "If that boy walks today he'll probably die."

Dubois weighed his chances in court, weighed them coolly as amusement took the place of his anger. The natives, whose knowledge of English was limited to safari orders, could not understand Cameron's words, and they could not deny that Cameron had assaulted him, that Cameron had threatened him with a smoking brand. He quietly took out the Luger, checked the clip and shot Cameron dead.

Dubois was surprised at the icy clarity of his mind. Not only was all the ivory his, but for the first time in six weeks he was the boss. In the few times he had given orders in the past the natives had jumped to his bidding. He was never more sure of authority.

He turned toward them, calmly.

"Break camp," he barked. "My tent last."

The lead boy bobbed his chin in obedience and the others, their faces tight with fear, scrambled to obey. Dubois smiled with satisfaction.

Inside the tent he placed his knapsack on the bed, taking inventory of his personal things. He collected all the matches, his razor, tooth brush, pyjamas, placing them in order on the floor. Then he sat on the edge of the cot. His hands had a pleasing unsteadiness. He looked at his palms and he thought about it. He had killed a man. Dubois had killed a man! He smiled a little, for the feeling was not at all what he had expected. A familiar warmth circulated in his groins, his nerves throbbled with a mixture of elation and exhaustion. He felt released

and he was drowsy. He pushed the knapsack to the floor and rolled on his stomach, listening to the activity outside.

A mosquito circled for a position on his neck and Dubois raised his hand. When the insect lit he slapped down hard, cursing as it escaped. It flew about the tent and he held his hand away from his head, waiting for it to approach again, annoyed that its buzzing intruded on his delicious somnolence. His hand lowered to the cot, resting, the fingers gradually curled in relaxation. When the mosquito returned again, it lit undisturbed.

Dubois did not wake for nearly five hours.

He sat up instantly. The quiet was almost as terrifying as darkness. He lowered his feet quickly, knocking his head against the lantern. He strode violently to the door.

The ivory still lay where it had been for four days, but there was no sign of anyone to carry it. He was deserted! He lunged heavily over the sodden ground to where Cameron's body had fallen, and he noticed that they had doused the fire. Evelyn was crouched there, her eyes puzzled. She was holding the cloth of Cameron's sleeve with one hand and blinking up at Dubois. It was clear that either she or the natives had gone through Cameron's pockets.

Then he saw the ground sheet near the body. On it lay a good supply of canned goods they had left. He remembered Cameron's advice: "Nobody starves in the jungle. You just watch the monkeys and eat what they eat." So he gave the food scant notice.

He shot Evelyn a quick glance of hatred, then strode back to his tent, uncertain just how bad this situation was. In his pack he quickly located the gold-cased pocket compass he had bought before starting out. Both lanterns were intact. He shook the two remaining gallon tins of kerosene, removed the cover of one and smelled it with satisfaction.

Matches!

He plunged out to the ground sheet, looked once and hurried back to the tent.

Quick alarm stabbed him. His racing clumsy fingers tore through everything and stopped. They had taken the last match! Even Cameron could not have planned a more cunning revenge.

Then Dubois remembered, and his hand slapped his shirt pocket excitedly. His fingers dug feverishly. He opened the flap of the match book. Thirteen matches! His hopes surged. These 13 they had missed because he had been lying on his stomach. Then he had a moment of fright. The jungle air was moist. No doubt he had perspired. He felt the sulphur tips cautiously, wondering if they would light. Quickly he tore off one, struck it and watched it flare.

He smiled a little, and it was not a pleasant smile. He went again to the ground sheet and dragged it to the tent door. Then he grimly set about preparing for the two-week trip.

On the sheet he sorted everything into two piles, blankets, Luger, cartridges, lantern, matches, food. The rest he discarded. He remembered the cans of kerosene and went in for them. When he returned, Evelyn was hunkered down on the ground sheet trying to open the match book. Dubois shouted, dropped his kerosene cans and lurched through the door, kicking out.

The monkey leaped free of his foot, scampered a few paces and turned, looking at him anxiously. Dubois approached warily, then leaped again. With one hand Evelyn caught a branch and pulled herself into the safety of a tree. From there she looked down, her eyes puzzled.

Then she got the booklet open and lit a match. When the flame reached her fingers she dropped it and watched it sail slowly downwards and flicker out, hissing as it reached the puddle. Then she lit another.

"Damn you!" Dubois shouted, his face smeared sideways, upward-gaping, angry.

Then in an instant his tactics changed. He forced himself to be calm. He had ample food, his compass, his cartridge belt and Luger. He lacked only fire. Fire to cook his food. Fire to dry his clothes from the treacherous quagmires and the rain that would soon come again. Fire, most of all, to ward off the creeping insinuations of nighttime, when huge hanging vines became pythons that searched in the darkness. And the cries that shattered the dark silence when giant flesh-hungry cats stalked and big things smashed their way through the blackness, crushing what their feet touched.

Dubois knew most of his fears were synthetic. Cameron had identified the cries for him, but information soothed only the brain, and he knew that when darkness came the prowlers would be dinosaurs or vampires, as real as the imagination that created them.

A single night without fire and he would be a madman. One match! That much he needed as he needed life itself. He could carry his fire with him in the lantern, lighted day and night. It was incredible how easy it would be. One match! And the monkey had 10.

Dubois raised his hand treewards, hedged off by the tepid pool that lay, shallow and murky, beneath the branches, and used his thumb and forefinger coaxingly. He brought himself even to using her name. "Evelyn, nice Evelyn," wincing, hating to woo a monkey. "Come down. Give me the matches."

She lit one, watched it flare into the damp half-light, dropped it into the puddle below, and jumped to another limb. The man moved with her, skirting the water, picking his steps through the mud, feeling the short afternoon fading. One match! One spark that glowed long enough to ignite the lantern wick. And up in that tree a monkey, with a millionth part of his brain and a millionth part of his need to live, held Dubois' sanity in two hairy hands and frittered it away.

Five... six... seven... seven matches gone! Then eight—and nine. Dubois thought frantically of his Luger lying on the ground sheet. But he could never dry the matches if they fell in the pool. He would have to lure the monkey from the tree.

The solution came to him clearly and simply, as if it had been in his mind all the time. Containing his excitement, he seated himself on a fallen tree. He whistled softly to hold the creature's attention and pulled a cigarette from his pocket, fitted it with ceremony into his long holder while the monkey eyes blinked at him. Then he called softly.

"Evelyn?"

The tiny animal scampered along the branch and dropped eagerly to the ground beside him, remembering the game. She opened the packet and, as she ripped out a match, Dubois squinted sideways.

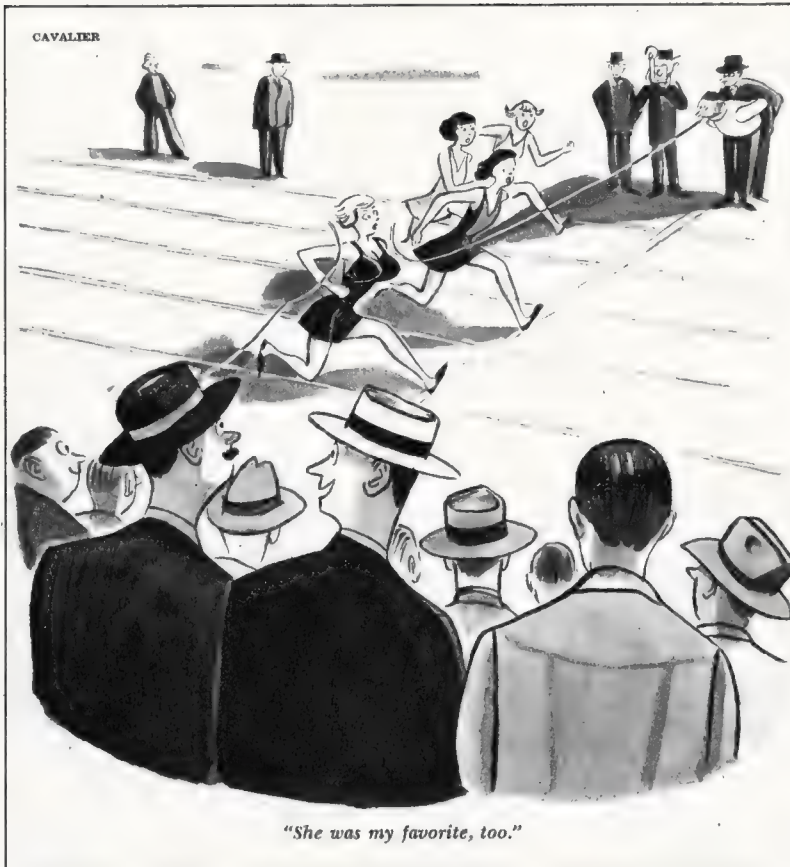
Two left! Two matches within reach of his hand, and a third in the monkey's fingers. Three bits of sulphur and pasteboard that meant life itself. The little hand poised over the open book, the match prodding for the stroke. Already, that day, force and guile had made Dubois master. The hated simian face was not two feet away. The hairy arm was not 12 inches from where his own rested on his knee.

His hand struck; the monkey squealed; fire flared once, then a second time, in the dusk. The monkey, her fingers burned, rolled in terror away from his strength, found her feet, then swung again to the tree.

Dubois picked up the burnt packet from the mud, held it in his broad hand, flap open, and stared at the two bits of spent, burnt, useless sulphur.

And something else! In the gathering darkness four words black on the grey cardboard—Dubois' last message from civilization. Simple words, common: "Close Cover Before Striking."

He leapt to his feet and grabbed the Luger from the ground. Without aiming, he fired madly at the swinging figure looping through the gloom. He stopped when the gun was empty and he could see her no more. He sprawled to the ground sobbing, his head buried in his palms, and when he looked up it was almost dark. Beside him loomed the black bulk of Cameron's corpse for company. •



"She was my favorite, too."



THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW FEAR

Continued from page 11

scare that Billy Coupland needed; it was not a natural, healthy scare. But the crew was enthusiastic, so Tucker let things ride.

At quitting time the next evening everything was set. Billy came down his drift whistling loudly. Across the shaft in the dark station of the west drift Long John, Tucker and the miners watched. Whistling, Long John thought, whistling in a mine! He shuddered. Punks these days did not even know the old superstitions.

Where the drifts intersected, Billy stopped to pick up his lunch bucket. Back in the abandoned tunnel the Headless Man, a driller named Joe Caldwell, lit a candle with his back turned to Billy, and then he swung around and gave a moan.

Billy wheeled about. He dropped his lunch bucket. He was motionless, staring.

Caldwell came forward slowly, holding the candle before him in ketchup-smears hands. Wire and cardboard under his coat supported the garment to the top of his head. Behind the wavering light of the candle he was a gruesome apparition. In spite of his certain knowledge, Long John felt a tingling. He swallowed slowly.

Then someone beside him grunted in terror.

In the main drift down which Billy had just come, where no living man should be, a candle blossomed suddenly. And down that drift the real Headless Man walked slowly. His ghostly candle floated three feet ahead of him, rolling eerie shadows on the walls. His clothing glowed faintly, as if the garments had long been mouldy. In his hands he carried his head. The lips were parted, as if in agony.

Billy Coupland cried out. He hid his face in his arms.

"No!" Long John said. "No!" He seemed to hear the whispering of eight dead men on Number Six.

The miners beside him made no denial of what they saw. They ran up the drift, some cursing, some praying, knocking each other over in the darkness. And then one said, "There might be one up this drift too!" And so the miners came about and trampled each other some more in getting back to the station.

So many fingers punched so many signals on the bell button that the man on top who did the hoisting merely sat and grinned, thinking that Billy Coupland was at last, really scared.

Huge and silent, the Headless Man came on. The candle, that was the worst of all, Long John thought. It was utterly disassociated from the ghastly figure, just bobbing in the air before him.

With his face covered, Billy moaned.

Joe Caldwell, the fake apparition, assumed he was doing well. He let out a

mournful sound, but when he reached the intersection and saw the genuine article he dropped his candle. He jerked his coat open to get a better view.

"A-a-h!" Caldwell said in a quavering voice. He ran to the station and began to signal for the cage, calling upon the Lord and Blackie Wells, the hoistman, to hurry.

When the Headless Man was upon Billy, he raised his face from his arm. He was laughing, and Long John knew instantly that he had been laughing all the time. The Headless Man began to laugh too. He freed himself of a stiff wire that held his candle in front of him. He dropped the gruesome head, an object of clay. He removed his rubber coat and a frame work of false shoulders.

"Jumbo Wilson!" Long John yelled. "What's the idea!" Then after a moment Long John began to laugh. . . .

Wellington miners took a bad ribbing when it got around that Billy had beat them at their own trick.

"You and your half-baked ideas," Long John said to Tucker. "And Jumbo double-crossed us."

"It wasn't a sound idea to begin with. We've got to do something that's real, not a stunt." Tucker crossed his arms and looked at Long John. "You know what gives a man time to remember his sins? Being trapped in a cave-in."

"Yeah! Now I suppose you want to pull the mine down just to scare a brat that can't be scared."

"Just a small part of the mine," Tucker said. "Suppose we put Billy and Jumbo to prospecting in the end of that old drift on the twelfth level, beyond the stretch of loose ground where the heavy timbers are—"

"And then knock out a set of timbers and let the country come down to trap them back there," Long John said. "Do you realize how dangerous that is? I remember when that drift was blocked for a solid week."

"It won't be that long. Anyway, there's a raise comes up from Thirteen into the old drift. It's in no shape to use, but we could get up it if we had to. I'm telling you, Long John, that being trapped behind a spill might do Billy more good than anything I can think of."

Long John nodded. "How about Jumbo? He gets pretty edgy in a tight place."

"We'll let him in on it."

"No. He might spill it like he did the last time. How long do you figure to trap them?"

"Not more than two or three hours."

"That's a lifetime," Long John said.

"I know. To make it good, I'll be there with them. That's an awful feeling, being trapped underground. If it gets too bad, I'll be there to tell 'em the truth."

"It's damp—"

"Don't bother about my rheumatism! You take care of knocking out one set of timbers, Tucker—and make sure you stop at one set." . . .

They waited in utter blackness. The carbide lamps were dead now. Knowing what was going to happen, Long John had brought a battery lamp, but he was saving it. The dark was cold and damp. Behind them the way to the outside was blocked by a sloping pile of yellowish decomposed granite.

"By now we should hear 'em working on the other side," Jumbo said tensely. "What time is it, Long John?"

Long John snapped the lamp on and off. He was worried. "Seven o'clock."

"We've been here five hours." Jumbo's voice rolled away hollowly and died in the rock-lined blackness. "The whole country must have come in."

Long John said, "A little cave-in makes a lot of noise. You know that, Jumbo." Long John was getting pains from the dampness, and he had a headache from the stale air. Something was wrong, and now he did not dare tell the truth. He snapped his light on Billy. The kid was sitting against the wall. He looked like he was asleep.

"Wake up!" Long John said. The jughead! Dozing off when this was all for his benefit.

Billy yawned. "What time is it?"

"Never mind the time," Long John said. "We might be here a week, so get used to it."

The silence made a ringing in their ears. There should have been some heartening sounds long ago in the other side of the cave-in.

"They ought to know where we are," Jumbo said.

"They do." Long John rubbed his shoulder. "Tucker's got all the men there's room for working to get us out."

"But we don't hear a thing." Jumbo's breath was short. "That means a lot of country came down."

"Maybe," Long John said. "We'll get out in time."

"The old raise ahead of us—"

"Caved in bad, Jumbo." Long John had looked at it. It was worse than he remembered. He had not been in this part of the mine for six years.

Jumbo's breathing was heavy and strained. "A man might smother to death, Long John."

"Air comes up the raise, Jumbo." Long John put the light on the driller. Jumbo had pulled his jacket and shirt open. He was sweating.

Long John snapped the light off. Black, crushing silence. . . .

"Seventy-five feet down the raise?" Jumbo asked.

"Yeah. We can't make it that way. It's caved. The ladders are rotten," Long John said.

The blackness put velvet fingers into their brains. They were caught and the surface of the earth was far away.

"Smothering to death would be the worst—"

"Shut up, Jumbo!" Long John's voice was sharp, higher than he had expected.

They waited a long time, so long that Long John thought it would be no admission of weakness to have another look at the time. Before he snapped the light off he glanced at Billy. The kid was white and big-eyed. He was not going to doze any more.

"What time is it?" Jumbo and Billy said it together.

"Six minutes after seven."

Billy said, "Your watch must have stopped."

"It's awful close in here." Jumbo's clothing rubbed the wall as he stood up. "I'm not going to smother!"

"Sit down," Long John said. Jumbo began to move away. "Come back here, Jumbo!" Long John threw the light on the driller, who was staggering down the drift, then running.

Billy Coupland leaped up and went after Jumbo. Long John held the light, trying to follow swiftly, but his knees were stiff. Jumbo and the boy were gone from the light, around a curve. Billy's voice came from the darkness calling out for Jumbo to stop.

Long John struggled on, grinding curses against the stiffness of his joints. He came upon Billy and Jumbo struggling on the tunnel floor 10 feet away from where a black square marked the caving raise. Billy was muddy and his face was smeared with blood and desperation, but he was not going to hold Jumbo much longer.

Before Long John could help, the big driller flung the youth aside and got to his feet. Flat on his stomach, Billy reached out and tripped Jumbo to one knee. Long John was close enough then.

The heavy boot on the end of his skinny leg caught Jumbo under the ear. The driller shook his head. Long John kicked him again, and then Jumbo Wilson fell unconscious on the tunnel floor.

For just an instant Long John played his light on the gaping mouth of the raise. The cribbing was damp-rotted, slipping away. The soggy ladders showed white fuzz. He knew the nails that held them were rusted down to slivers.

"Let's get him away from here," Billy said.

Long John's old joints ached with the effort, but at last he and Billy carried and dragged Jumbo back to the cave-in.

"He was going to plunge right into that rotten hole," Billy said in an awed tone. "He scared the hell out of me."

"High time," Long John growled.

Jumbo came out of it, muttering, grunting, licking his lips. Long John kept the light in his eyes.

"You were scared too, Long John, when we were waiting here just before he made a break," Billy said.

"Of course I was, you young idiot! I still am."

Jumbo shook his head. "I must have gone nuts. I feel better now, Long John."

Billy was staring at Jumbo. "I supposed old hands in a mine never even thought about a lot of things. I've been scared ever since I came to work. I—"

"Of course you have!" Long John said. He tried to remember Tucker's words. "Every man who works underground carries fear with him. You've got to respect a mine, but you don't make an idiot out of yourself trying to prove you ain't afraid."

"Yeah," Billy said slowly. He kept staring at Jumbo.

It was not long after that they heard the first dull sounds of rescue beyond the cave-in. It was five hours later before a light showed. Burt Tucker yelled, "You all right back there?"

"Yeah," Long John grumbled. "Where you been, to a dance or someplace?" . . .

Long John hugged the stove in his office. The day shift had gone home. The night shift was down the hole. There had been a minor cave-in on Number Twelve, with nobody hurt. Such things happened all the time.

Tucker asked, "Did you tell Jumbo the truth?"

"Sure," Long John said.

"From the look of the kid, I'd say it was going to work."

"I know it will," Long John said. "You should have seen him after we hauled Jumbo back from the raise. The kid stood there staring like a wild billy-goat. He'd just seen the toughest man he knew lose his head from fear."

"It didn't work out just the way I figured," Tucker said. "But—"

"It worked." Long John eyed his son-in-law narrowly. "How many sets did you knock out?"

"One. When the loose stuff began to run, it shoved over more timber. One, so help me, Long John."

"Yeah," Long John grunted. "I guess."

He began to put his coat on. "Let's go home." Long John flexed his shoulders. "Rheumatism bothering you?"

"No! I never felt better in my life. And don't figure on me retiring for a long, long time." •



LITTLE MISS MURDER

Continued from page 34

looking for or keeping up with—but he drew only blanks. Then, in October—about six weeks after she had returned home—Peete noticed that she seemed more than passingly interested in front-page stories in the Los Angeles papers about the finding of a body in the cellar of a swank Wilshire Boulevard home—the body of one Jacob Denton, a retired millionaire Arizona mining man.

The corpse, badly decomposed, had, Harold Peete read, been found buried beneath a pile of fresh earth in a storage closet of the cellar which, after the burial, had been sealed up like a crypt. The police, the papers stated, wanted to question Denton's former housekeeper—a woman not named but said to have appeared on the scene shortly before Denton vanished from view and alleged to have forged his name to checks for many thousands of dollars and to have disposed of some of his art objects.

The next day three serious-looking gents rang the front door bell. They had

come for Mrs. Peete. Her husband gallantly demanded to know what they wanted of his wife. "Murder in Los Angeles," said one of the callers.

Mrs. Peete didn't seem so concerned about the murder charge as about how the dicks had traced her. One of them obliged. "Through trunks you shipped here," he said.

Fatal Louise, as she came to be called, was convicted of having shot Denton through the back of the head and then having covered his corpse with the load of dirt the gardener got for her. The jury recommended life, and off she went to prison. Two men had died because of her—her second husband, and Denton. And now a sad little man, off his food, unable to sleep and very much in love, went to a hotel room and put a gun to his temple. Harold Peete became the third man to die because of Louise.

Louise spent some time licking the

wounds of defeat, for that's how getting caught for the Denton job was down in her books. Her primary concern now, as she sat in a cell in the Women's Prison at Tehachapi, was to get out. She turned on the old southern charm for the keepers. Finally, she became acquainted with Mrs. Everett Lathan, a parole officer who was deeply religious.

Louise was quick to see in Mrs. Lathan the key that would get her free.

It took 18 years to turn the trick, but Louise Peete did it. She was paroled one fine October day in 1939 to sin, theoretically, no more. She had a job and a new name, by courtesy of the parole board. She became Anna Lou Lee, and she went to work as a housekeeper for her benefactor, Mrs. Lathan.

When, in 1944, Mrs. Lathan died suddenly—and, oddly enough, naturally—the parole people got Louise a job in another home, that of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Logan, well-to-do people of pronounced social consciousness who had been among the sponsors of Louise in her prison days. The Logans lived in a handsome home on Hampden Place. Mrs. Logan was an avid gardener and particularly proud of an avocado tree in the yard.

Although she was now closer to 65 than she cared to think about, Louise Peete was remarkably preserved for her age. She was delighted to learn that she

still had what it took to send a Milque-toastish little man by the name of Lee Borden Judson, aged 60, a clerk with the Bank of America, scurrying in search of his youth. With the blessings of a beaming parole board, the participants in this true physical romance were united in holy wedlock in May, 1944. Little Lee Judson did not, however, know of his bride's past.

The housing shortage was already on, so the Logans consented to little Judson sharing Louise's bedroom.

A few days after her marriage, Louise, who had come to covet the Logan home, said to Lee, "Mrs. Logan told me she's going away on a trip."

And so one Sunday while Judson was out walking, Mrs. Logan went away on the trip. A couple of days later, it was time for Mrs. Logan to send in her monthly report on Louise to the parole board. With Louise's help she made out the report, so to speak, in absentia.

The mind of Mr. Logan had for some time been wandering and, late in May, he disappeared, too. Mrs. Judson told her husband that she had had Mr. Logan committed to the State Hospital for the Insane at Norwalk. Judson, so happy to have located his youth that nothing else made much impression on him, expressed vague sorrow for Mr. Logan and then absent-mindedly commented that he and his bride would now have more room around the house.

One day Judson was hunting around the cellar for something when he came upon a bloodstained throw rug. He showed it to Louise. "Didn't this used to be up in the living-room?" he asked.

His bride smiled. "I had a nosebleed one day," she said. "I didn't want to worry you."

Another day, Judson, who had a talent for stumbling over things, came upon a small hole in the living-room wall, over which Fatal Louise had placed a picture.

"That sure looks like a bullet hole," he said.

"Don't bother about it," said Fatal Louise. "I'm going to have this room done over anyway."

In July, Judson went to an optometrist and got a new pair of glasses. Fatal Louise no doubt wished to heaven that he had never got his glasses changed. The little man noticed everything now. He observed expensive dresses that Mrs. Logan had worn now being worn by his wife. "Won't Mrs. Logan object to your wearing her clothes, dear?" he asked. Louise smiled and kissed him.

One day the little man, always helping and tidying up, came upon an insurance policy in a desk drawer. He noticed that it was for \$10,000 and had been taken out by Mrs. Logan just before she had gone away on the trip, and that his wife was the beneficiary.

"That sure was nice of Mrs. Logan to remember you like that," Judson said to Fatal Louise that night.

"What the hell are you talking about!" she asked. He was startled: it was the first time he had ever seen his wife lose her temper.

"The insurance," he said.



"What insurance?"

Judson became specific. Louise was to say later that she considered braining him right then and there, then decided that he was too dumb to know what was what.

Another time, Judson, who seems to have been living a completely charmed life, was raking leaves in the back yard. He began poking around the base of the avocado tree—Mrs. Logan's favorite tree—when he was drenched by a bucketful of water from an upstairs window.

"Ooops!" he heard his bride saying. "Sorry, darling." Judson looked up. His wife was peering down at him from the second story. "I didn't know you were there until it was too late," she said. "Stay away from that tree in the future; I always throw water there when I'm cleaning up here."

It was in December that the parole board, running only half a year behind actual events, discovered that the signature of Mrs. Logan, on a report on the murderess, was a forgery.

The probe started quietly enough. Somebody from the parole board, posing as a salesman, phoned the Logan home. Louise answered. Mrs. Logan, she said, was off on a trip. Mr. Logan? "Oh, he died last week in a booby hatch." And Logan had, too.

Louise was out when the dicks called. Little Judson was home, though. He fainted when the visitors told him why they had come. He told them about the hole that he had seen in the wall before Louise had had the living room done over, about the bloodstained rug, the insurance policy and the drenching he had gotten under the avocado tree. And so

they found Mrs. Logan's body beneath the tree.

The story had been somewhat similar to the Denton story. Louise had shot Mrs. Logan and buried her while Logan had been out and then had him committed to the asylum. Money had been the motive again. The Logans had had several bank accounts, and by the time the forged parole report was discovered, Fatal Louise had gone through them all.

Louise looked at Mrs. Logan's body when they dug it up. When asked how come, she gave one of the most novel replies in the history of discovered bodies. "I had," she said, "no other place to put it. The cellar floor was too hard to break through. Anyway, I liked Mrs. Logan and I knew she would have preferred being put under her favorite tree."

There were eleven women on the jury that tried Fatal Louise, which may account for the fact that death, not life imprisonment, was the verdict when, in 1945, she was convicted of murdering Mrs. Logan. In 1947, after two years of legal haggling, the gas chambers at San Quentin stifled her last excuse.

Louise Peete had brought death to four men—Faurote, her second husband; Jake Denton; Harold Peete and, lastly, little Lee Judson, who, after her arrest for the Logan murder, went to a downtown Los Angeles office building and jumped from an upper floor. Little Judson, too, had loved a woman—a singular woman who went through life over the dead bodies of men who had been enamored of her. Truly, Louise Peete was the flawless, perfect witch. •



CAVALIER'S PENNANT PREDICTIONS

Continued from page 39

must rise from the ashes to smite down New York this year. Nobody has ever won five pennants in a row and the law of averages could well be the tenth man on the playing field (we don't count the umpires) in the forthcoming race.

Hank Greenberg, a prophet who has been proven wrong, presents sound arguments why the Indians should finally check the Yankees.

"In the last three years," he points out, "the difference between Cleveland and the Yankees—in the won and lost column—has been 13 games which, considering that 462 games were played, indicates that both of these clubs are evenly matched. Incidentally, our record has continued to improve. We finished 6 games behind in 1950, 5 games behind in 1951, and closed the gap to a mere 2 games in 1952. At this rate, maybe 1953 will be our year."

Pitching is the Indians' forte. Early Wynn, Mike Garcia and Bob Lemon accounted for 67 victories last season. Then there are six returning war veterans—spearheaded by the 6 feet, 5 inch rookie outfielder, Jim Lemon. Lemon (no relation to pitcher Bob), whacked 39 homers and drove in 100 runs in the Texas League in 1950. Outfielder Bob Kennedy, speedballer Dick Weik, rookie pitcher Al Aber, second baseman Doug Hansen and Herb Adams, another outfielder, are also back from service.

If the shortstop weakness which handicapped the Indians in 1952 is overcome, make your World Series reservations for Municipal Stadium early. Manager Lopez thinks that George Strickland, who came from the Pirates, will plug the gap if Ray Boone doesn't. We don't. The Indians will either make a deal that will strengthen this spot or else they will count on their great pitchers to win despite it.

But just consider the depth of the Cleveland strength elsewhere—Bobby Feller, Lou Brissie, Bob Hooper, Ted Wilks and Steve Gromek among the pitchers and Jim Hegan and Joe Tipton in the important catching department. In the picket line, there's enough material for two good outfields—Dale Mitchell, Larry Doby, Harry Simpson, Kennedy, the prodigious Jim Lemon, Dave Pope, the American Association's 1952 batting champ, and veteran Wally Westlake. Al Rosen at third, Bobby Avila at second and Luke Easter at first, are solid offensively even if their fielding leaves something to be desired. If Easter hits his peak early and stays there, Cleveland will storm through.

Cleveland was the only threat to the Yankees last season as they finished 12 games ahead of the White Sox in third place. The Athletics closed 16 games behind the Yankees; the Senators 17; Bos-

ton 19; the Browns 31 and Detroit 46. But in view of the exploits of some of the Cleveland individuals, the team's failure to win was astonishing.

Larry Doby and Luke Easter finished one-two in the American League home run race; Rosen led the league in runs batted in with 105; Doby scored the most runs and, with Eddie Robinson of Chicago, was runner-up to Rosen in the RBI column with 104; there were three 20-game winners and by the end of May Cleveland was 5½ games in front. Then Doby reinjured his leg. Hegan sprained an ankle, Boone tore a ligament, Mitchell wrenched a knee and Easter fell into a slump. Without those key injuries, it might have been a different story. But last year is painful history and the Tribe is determined it won't repeat itself in '53.

The feeling in this corner is that the Yankees are going to lose this fifth pennant in the very department where they won the last four—pitching. Sure Whitey Ford will be a big help, but Lopat and Raschi are passing over the crest and will show their age this season. Reynolds will be effective, but the demand on him for bullpen duty will cut down on his starting work. And even Master Juggler Casey Stengel won't be able to get enough mileage out of Kuzava, Blackwell, Sain, Scarborough, Gorman and Miller to match the Indian output of victories.

Mickey Mantle, who seems destined to be the major leagues' next .400 hitter, will win a lot more ball games for the New Yorkers now that he doesn't have to worry about commuting to his draft board. But any extra help from the talented switch-hitter will just about compensate for those games Phil Rizzuto won't be saving this year. For Phil, the last Yankee left from the McCarthy regime, is another star whose production will be cut down by the ravages of time. However, with steady performers like Berra, Bauer, the underrated Gene Woodling and Joe Collins in the lineup, the Yanks will be in the race right down to the wire.

The Philadelphia Athletics and Chicago White Sox look like good bets to complete the first division, with Washington, Boston, the Browns and Detroit forming the second division in that order.

Bill Veeck, the ebullient president of the St. Louis Browns has other ideas. He sees his team finishing fourth, and possibly, third this year. From anybody else this would be a pipe dream, but nothing seems impossible for Veeck, the showman extraordinary. He boosted the Browns approximately a third of a million in paid attendance in 1952, his first season with the club. And his incessant trading is strengthening the team.

"The Yankees will repeat," says Veeck,

"and Cleveland will again finish second. The return of Whitey Ford and the development of several Yankee rookies will mean the flag. I like the White Sox for third and ourselves for fourth."

While most experts would disagree with Veeck about the Browns closing in fourth place, there is little doubt that the White Sox stand a good chance to edge out the Athletics for third. As we see the first division, it will be Cleveland, the Yankees, the White Sox and the Athletics in that order.

Chicago, with a little more staying power, could slam in even higher for they have a battery of good pitchers, a couple of good hitters and a dedicated manager in Paul Richards. They took a big step toward recapturing the title of the "Go-Go" Boys when they acquired the fleet and fiery Ferris Fain, league batting champion. In doing this, they also gambled because they had to give up Eddie Robinson, their only consistent long-ball hitter. Fain, a line-drive hitter, will get on base more than Eddie did, but he won't approach the big fellow's runs-batted-in total.

Shortly after the Fain-Robinson deal was completed, the Pale Horse acquired Junior Stephens from the Red Sox in exchange for pitchers Marv Grissom, Hector Brown and Bill Kennedy. The follow-up announcements said that Stephens would play third base and was expected to be the needed long-ball hitter. That's a lot of expecting. Stephens had a poor season last year, he's definitely on the down grade and he'll certainly miss that friendly left field wall Fenway Park furnished him.

Richards, aware of the lack of power, counts heavily on his pitching staff. "I think," Paul says, "that in Bill Pierce, Saul Rogovin, Joe Dobson and Lou Kretlow as starters, and Luis Aloma and Harry Dorish in relief, we could have the best pitching staff in the American League."

Addition of Tommy Byrne from St. Louis, Mike Fornieles from Washington, and Bob Keegan from Syracuse should strengthen the White Sox. Along with the help from Fain, Richards is counting on full seasons from outfielders Jim Rivera and Sam Mele, the return to form of Chico Carrasquel and the apparent shape of Orestes Minoso, sensation of the Cuban League this past winter, to enable Chicago to fight it out from start to finish.

Down at Philadelphia, the Athletics may bolt forward to make it a parlay, winning in the American League as the Phils win in the National. For this to happen, Bobby Shantz, the league's most valuable player last season, must scintillate with 25 victories or so; Harry Byrd must retain the form which made him Rookie-of-the-Year in the American League; and Carl Scheib, Morris Martin, and Joe Coleman, along with able Alex Kellner, must hold the pace.

These pitchers have added incentive now for this year's Athletic line-up packs the most power the club has seen since the days of Jimmy Foxx. Eddie Robinson's portside slugging will be a fine supplement to Gus Zernial's right-

handed ferocity. And Eddie's going to like Shibe Park much better than breezy Comiskey, his last year's hang-out, where the winds off Lake Michigan turned his long drives into long outs. Despite that handicap, Robinson whacked 22 homers and chased 104 runs across the plate. With this one-two punch of Zernial and Robinson and a continuation of last year's excellent chucking, the A's are going to give everyone fits before it's all over. And if aging Eddie Joost has another good year, the top's the limit.

About the only certainty in the American League is that the Tigers will occupy the cellar again just as Pittsburgh, which finished 54½ games out in the National League in 1952, seems doomed to further obscurity this season.

As Branch Rickey informed this department in his elaborate prose, "Pittsburgh was a last place club in 1952. It has added a large number of recruits from the free agency field. The immediate future of the club depends on whether or not a number of these boys are taken by the draft. The club will definitely start upward this year and the management believes it is a permanent trend."

But Pittsburgh's young club has lost Tony Bartirone, Dick Groat, Ronnie Necai and Ron Kline to the service. Others would be back, however, like shortstop Danny O'Connell, pitcher Bill MacDonald and first baseman Al Grunwald.

The shuttling of ball players back and forth from the services is what makes a particularly difficult year to gauge pennant strength. At least 45 baseball men will return to the game this year, as others leave for the Army, but how many of the returnees will quickly recapture their form? The Braves have a complete battery back in hurler Johnny Antonelli and catcher Del Crandall, but how soon will it take before they regain their strides?

In the long run, though, it is probable that the good and bad breaks average up. So let's glance at the picture in the National League.

Not in years does a race prefigure to be as close as that in the National League.

The Whiz Kids of Philadelphia, handled adroitly by manager Steve O'Neill, should sweep it. They were the strongest club in the circuit the last half of the year and, small wonder, with such pitching standouts as Robin Roberts and the returned Curt Simmons. With Curt available all year, with the old standby, Jim Konstanty ready and with a good season expected from Karl Drews, the Phils could do it. There's certainly nothing wrong with the supporting cast which

features Del Ennis, Richie Ashburn, Granny Hamner, Willie Jones and Earl Torgeson.

Torgeson, an annual disappointment to the Braves, could well be the biggest surprise of the year. A change of scenery often works wonders for a ballplayer and the Earl of Snohonish has a couple of special treats awaiting him in Shibe Park. First of all, the pitchers won't be able to concentrate on him the way they did when he stood out in the weak Boston lineup. Secondly, and maybe the order should be reversed, he'll be seeing a right-hander more than once a month now. Much of the blame for last year's anemic average can be laid to the lefty diet Boston's foes fed him.

The Dodgers, with Campanella, Hodges, Robinson, Reese, Cox, Shuba, Snider and Furillo on hand, are still a solid team, but there just isn't enough pitching present to carry the club all the way. Russ Meyer, a fiery competitor, will be a big help, but the Brooks need still one more starter. And this is another team that's feeling it's age—especially up the middle, where Reese and Robinson don't get around much any more.

We see the Dodgers second, the dangerous Cardinals third and the Giants fourth. The Cardinals, 81½ games out in 1952, must be seriously considered. The Giants need good years from all three key men—Irvin, Sal Maglie and the apparently fading Larry Jansen. The law of odds would militate against all three coming through to bolster the club. A faltering performance by either Maglie or Jansen would plummet the Giants like a depth charge. Unless Willie Mays is mustered out of service for dependency and the Giants gain this additional marvel—he's the National League's answer to Mickey Mantle—the outlook for Durocher's boys is dubious.

St. Louis must be considered a real threat. Any team presenting a Stan Musial, a Red Schoendienst and an apparently ageless Country Slaughter must be respected. Stu Miller, the youthful master of control, Vinegar Bend Mizell and Gerry Staley are crack pitchers. Ray Jablonski, the International League's Rookie-of-the-Year, primarily a third baseman but skillful at all infield positions, hit .302 with Rochester in 1952, driving in 100 runs, with 24 doubles, 12 triples and 18 homers. He will help. The Cardinals' problem is still at first base where Steve Bilko is being given another chance.

It's touch and go all the way down the line in the National League where

only Pittsburgh seems to be outclassed.

"We're sure first division," claims Phil Cavaretta of the Cubs, "if we can only come up with another outfielder who can hit the long ball."

Another good year by Hank Sauer, who tied Ralph Kiner for the homer honors and who was the most valuable player in the National League, would make the Cubs a good bet for the first division. In fact, top pitching from a staff that includes Bob Rush, Warren Hacker, Johnny Klippstein, Paul Minner, Bob Kelly, Joe Hatten, Dutch Leonard and Sheldon Jones could create the sensation of the National League.

Cincinnati and Boston should fight it out for sixth, with the edge going to the Reds.

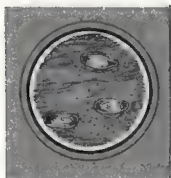
CAVALIER also predicts that a few prize hoodoos will be shattered this season. Although Robin Roberts will help pitch the Phils to a pennant, he will finally lose a game to the Dodgers after stumping them six straight times in 1952. Bobby Shantz of the Athletics will stub his toe against the St. Louis Browns—he downed them six for six last year. Conversely, the Dodgers won all five games from brilliant Warren Spahn of the Braves, but that won't happen again. Nor will the Chicago White Sox shellack Art Houtteman of the Tigers, five for five, as they did in 1952.

Stan Musial of the Cardinals will acquire a sixth straight batting championship in the National League, but Ferris Fain of the White Sox will give way to Mantle in the American League. Ralph Kiner will regain undisputed place as the National League home run champion, while Luke Easter, of Cleveland, providing he keeps his health, will collect the four-bagger marbles in the American League. If Easter doesn't, his teammate, Larry Doby, will. Jablonski of the Cards and shortstop Harvey Kuenn of the Tigers, formerly of the University of Wisconsin, will be the respective Rookies-of-the-Year. Robin Roberts, pitching the Phils to a pennant, will qualify as the most valuable player in the National League. Mantle, sparking the Yankees to a tremendous finish down the stretch, will qualify as MVP in the American League.

The military draft, trades which resulted after CAVALIER went to press, and other elements may affect the finishes in both leagues. Victory, too, is often achieved when a few players enjoy great years simultaneously.

But, from this vantage point, it looks as if the first game of the world series will find the Philadelphia Phillies visiting the Cleveland Indians at Municipal Stadium. •





MAKE YOURS WELL-DONE

Continued from page 21

cutting the disease off at its source, before the trichina parasites have been able to invade human hosts.

The number-one carrier of trichinosis in the U. S. and most other countries is the swill-eating hog. Except in the grain belt areas, and on certain model farms, hogs are fed almost exclusively on garbage—a basic commodity in the pork-producing industry. A menu of raw garbage, containing scraps of trichina-infested pork, guarantees that a minimum number of pigs—estimated at 1.5 per cent of total produce—will carry trichinosis from the meat farm to the local beanery or butcher block. The chef, housewife, or butcher dresses the meat and throws out the raw scraps, as well as semi-cooked leavings from the dinner table. Most of this swill is picked up by municipal or commercial trucks and sold to hog raisers. Thus, a vicious cycle has been set up.

In 1940, a full-scale investigation by the New York State Trichinosis Commission helped to blow the lid off this shocking state of affairs. The Commission revealed that Germany, England, France and Canada had cut trichinosis to a negligible minimum by enforcing regulations for the cooking or heat treatment of all garbage fed to swine. In the United States, where such laws do not exist (except for garbage shipped interstate), little progress has been made.

Nor can we look to federal meat inspection, a high point of our public health program, to solve this problem. Present inspection laws do not apply to all meats sold on the U. S. market. According to the American Veterinary Medical Association, at least 40 million pounds of unfit meat are unloaded on the public every year. The New York State Trichinosis Commission summed up this situation with shocking clarity: "... one third of the meat consumed in the United States is sold without crossing a state boundary. Uncle Sam has no authority over this meat, no matter how putrid.

Furthermore, even if we *did* have 100 per cent federal meat inspection, trichinosis would be rampant—for the simple reason that no reliable and economical test has been developed for detecting the presence of trichina in live hogs or fresh pork cuts. "The legend 'U. S. Inspected and Passed' on fresh pork, or on ordinary varieties of pork which we generally cook," warned the Commission, "is meaningless as far as protecting us from trichinosis is concerned."

There are federal laws requiring destruction of trichina in pork before marketing, but these apply only to interstate products that are pre-cooked—Canadian-style bacon, ready-to-eat hams, coppocola, prosciutto, smoked pork butts, etc.

Your only recourse, therefore, is to eliminate the danger by proper cooking.

Pork is one of the most valuable of all foods—rich in essential proteins, fats and vitamins. Trichinous pork, well-cooked, is as safe and nutritious as any other meat. The parasites are completely destroyed by heat. But pork, eaten rare or medium-rare, becomes a dangerous vehicle of disease. A minute portion of rare, heavily infested pork—as in the case of John Peters—can do more damage than a half pound serving that is lightly infected. In one instance, a violent seizure of trichinosis resulted from eating bread buttered with a knife that had been used to slice an infected sausage.

Although pork is the chief carrier of trichinosis, the three little pigs do not have an exclusive monopoly of the disease. Game commissions in the United States and Canada report that practically all fur-bearing animals common to the North American continent may be hosts to the trichina parasite. Actual cases of trichinosis infection have been found in rabbits, squirrels, beaver, woodchucks, foxes, wolves, coyotes, bears, polecats, badgers, raccoons, marten, marmots, boars, ferrets and porcupines.

In California, 29 cases of trichinosis and three deaths have been recorded as caused by the eating of undercooked jerked bear meat. A hunter in upper New York State came down with the disease after dining on rare bear steak.

Moose and caribou, prize big game animals of the far North, have never been known to carry trichinosis, but they do help to spread tapeworm—an obnoxious disease that is widespread throughout the world. The popular gag about the nervous little man who ordered a breakfast of spoiled eggs, burnt toast and stale coffee—topping off his strange request with the remark, "they're good enough for my tapeworm"—is typical of current attitudes.

From a medical standpoint, tapeworm is usually more of a nuisance than a menace. It is easily discovered, in the stool of the patient, and not too difficult to cure with purgative drug action. But once diagnosed, the disease may cause much anxiety and, among nervous persons, marked mental depression. Enough serious cases have been recorded, involving several fatal anemias, to put us all on our culinary best behavior.

This is especially applicable to anglers and steak eaters. The two most common forms of tapeworm are picked up by eating undercooked beef and fish, although at least 30 species of the worm have been reported in man—with half the animal kingdom serving as intermediate hosts. Pork tapeworm, a well-known form of the disease, is rare in this country.

As the name indicates, tapeworm is a ribbon-like parasite, made up of hundreds of rice-shaped segments. It develops in the human intestine from larvae (im-

mature worms) that are freed during the process of digestion. Undiscovered, the parasites have been known to inhabit humans for 10 years or more, reaching as much as 30 feet in length. A voracious appetite may or may not be symptomatic of the disease. In some severe cases the reverse is true, and the victim wastes away from lack of appetite.

Tapeworm is prevalent in areas where people consume low grade, uninspected beef, raised in unsanitary conditions. Fish tapeworms are most common in the Great Lakes regions of northern Minnesota, Michigan, and central south Canada. Experts list pike, pickerel, turbot, trout and salmon as leading sources.

The overall picture may seem gloomy, indeed. You may feel tempted to swap those pork chops for a stalk of celery. Nothing would be sadder, for medical scientists agree that meat, not bread, is our veritable staff of life, supplying precious body-building proteins, protective vitamins and other crucial factors of health. A little self-discipline, however, based on the following table guide will raise your odds for survival threefold:

Steaks, prime rib and other beef roasts can be eaten rare, but only if the meat has been federally inspected.

Hamburgers, chopped sirloin steak and other ground beef dishes should never be eaten rare at restaurants or picnics. You may eat them that way at home, but only if you grind the meat yourself or make certain that the grinder used by your butcher is free of pork shreds. Never trust ready-ground hamburger meat—eat it well-done.

Pork chops, roasts and all other fresh pork dishes are safe when cooked to 163°F. (this allows a margin of 26° above the 137°F. needed to kill the trichina.) In chops and thin cuts of pork this can be easily judged by waiting until all the pink is cooked out and the meat has turned gray or bone-white. Be especially careful not to undercook pork sausage or sausage patties. And don't ever taste raw sausage meat "just for flavor."

For large cuts of pork, especially hams, it's best to use a meat thermometer (cost \$1.50 or less), with point pushed to deep center. Rule of thumb if no thermometer is handy, is 30 minutes to the pound. Freezing at 5°F. or under for at least 20 days, or 0°F., for a minimum of 24 hours, will also destroy trichina.

Ready-to-eat pork products—smoked, tenderized ham, prosciutto, coppocola, salami, Canadian-style bacon, thuringer, bologna-sausage—are safe if you see the Government stamp. Local products, prepared and sold within the state, are not subject to government standards and are unsafe. Make sure the products are ready-to-eat; regular bacon is not.

Game—All game should be eaten well-done, and the carcasses kept away from the dogs.

Fish of all types normally carry many parasites in addition to tapeworm. Never eat fish rare, and don't sample chopped raw fish for seasoning of fish balls or stuffing.

And remember, when in doubt, play it safe and *make yours well-done*. •



BUSBY'S RAT

Continued from page 43

no sound then but the lapping of the river between the shore and the wharfboat.

"There's nothing for you to be afraid of anymore," Jonas murmured. "The *Noah Cunningham* leaves for Cincinnati tomorrow noon and you're coming with me. We'll be married—."

They both heard it: the cocking of Busby's pistol in the doorway. Jonas turned and shielded Eliza behind him.

"Captain Tanner," Busby said, "you have chosen—ill-advisedly I should say—to ignore my warning to you to stay away from my daughter. Now I am entirely within my rights in shooting you down as a trespasser."

Jonas threw Eliza to the floor and flattened himself beside her as the orange flame and the flat roar of Busby's pistol filled the room. In the void of silence afterwards Jonas could hear Busby cursing to himself and re-loading in the dark. Jonas felt about him frantically for a weapon. His hand closed on a ten-foot sounding-pole that rested against the wall. He raised it and brought it down in the darkness with all his might just as Busby shouted and raised the pistol to fire again. Then he could hear Captain Gunn come running down the bricks of the landing onto the gangplank. Lanterns were appearing on the decks of the *Noah Cunningham* and voices were crying out in the dark.

Eliza lay sobbing in the corner, her head buried in her arms, her dark hair spilling over her white hands when Captain Gunn came through the doorway holding the lantern high. Jonas Tanner leaned against the wall, breathing heavily, with the sounding-pole still in his hands. Busby's massive torso lay sprawled grotesquely in the doorway.

"He's dead," said Captain Gunn, after a moment of bending over Busby's body. "Don't worry, Jonas. This man was hardly human. No river jury will ever convict you."

Jonas did not answer. For a moment Captain Gunn thought he had not heard him. Then he followed Jonas' gaze and saw the rat. It was sitting on its hind legs in the doorway to the deck, staring at Busby's body with an almost childish grief. Captain Gunn swore and picked up a heavy china cup from the table and threw it at the beast as hard as he could. It struck it squarely and they all heard the angry squeal of pain. In an instant, though, it was on its feet again and, with one last vicious—almost human—look of hate at Jonas it darted into the night.

"Now," said Captain Gunn. "I think we'd better fetch the magistrate. . . ."

In the next session Jonas was tried and, with the testimony of Captain Gunn and Eliza Busby, was acquitted. The people of Cresap's Landing felt a strong sense of relief that Busby was gone. The older women, it is true, experienced pangs of

disappointment that Eliza had not somehow shared in Busby's debacle, but still there were enough of the young ones to make the wedding a gay affair. Captain Gunn made arrangements for Jonas to inherit the position of wharfmaster of Cresap's Landing, and for a wedding present he gave the young couple cabin passage to Mobile.

After their return, Eliza went to work and fixed up the two little rooms of the wharfboat. Every vestige of Busby's memory was destroyed, and when Captain Gunn came back in the fall he scarcely recognized the place. In his honor, Eliza cooked a supper that was the finest meal in the land. It was dusk and the sun seemed to have set the river afire when Captain Gunn left.

Jonas went over to his wife and took her in his arms. They stood together for a long moment with their arms around each other, and then Jonas opened his eyes and looked over Eliza's shoulder. Sitting on its haunches in the doorway staring at them, its eyes gleaming like tiny black beads was the rat. Eliza felt Jonas stiffen and almost instantly she sensed what it was.

"Don't move, my dear," Jonas whispered, feeling inside his coat for the small revolver that was there.

Eliza was trembling so, that Jonas

could hardly hold the pistol steady. Then the shot rang out in the close room and Eliza screamed. Jonas went over to the body of the huge rat lying on the deck. It was dead. He picked it up by the tail and threw it over the railing into the green, moving water. Eliza was crying almost hysterically.

"There," he said, putting his arms around her, "that's the last of it, Liza. The last thing in the world to remind you of him. There now . . . there . . . You mustn't shake like that. He's gone. He's gone forever and now his rat's gone."

Presently Eliza stopped trembling and sobbing and Jonas lifted her and laid her in her bunk and went back into the kitchen. It was dark outside now. The green frogs were setting up a racket in the cattails along the shore. Jonas sat down at the kitchen table, thankful for the warm yellow light of the oil lamp at his elbow. He poured himself a glass of wine and sipped it slowly.

And then he heard the sound.

At first it was a patternless whisper, scarcely audible above the slapping of the water against the wharfboat. Then Jonas knew there was a rhythm in it—a strange, cadenced skittering like the march of tiny feet. He dared not move his eyes from the lamp chimney to the doorway with the towering river dark behind it; knowing well in his heart what horror might be there. Then he turned his head suddenly and saw them—12 of them—huge grey rats sitting up in a row outside the doorway, for all the world like a jury that had come to pass a judgment on his soul. Their tiny eyes never left his face, and by the time Jonas had snatched the revolver out of the pocket of his alpaca coat and lifted it to fire, they had dropped and melted into the darkness again.



"You're pulling 'em in too fast, Mack— Play 'em! Play 'em!"

Jonas sat perfectly still for a long time in the split-bottom chair. He realized presently that he was drenched with sweat and his heart was pounding wildly. He went to the kitchen cupboard and fetched down the little paper of powders and measured the dose out in a tumbler. When he had drunk the mixture the faintness passed away and he sat down again at the table, wondering what to do.

Through the doorway to the bedroom he could see Eliza peacefully sleeping, her dark hair tangled over the white bolster. Then Jonas went up the little gangplank onto the landing and headed for the pharmacist's to get the strychnine. It was the only way under the sun to be rid of the last vestige of Busby. It wasn't so much that the rats would do either him or Eliza any real physical harm—though that was not beyond reason. It was just the very thought of them. It was the knowledge of them coming and sitting there—a jury of them. It was perhaps the unspoken fear—insane perhaps—that if they could be a jury they could be executioners, too. . . .

Within half an hour Jonas returned to the wharf and hurried anxiously down the gangplank to the cabin to see if Eliza were all right. He put the little packet of poison away and hurried over to his wife's side. He bent to kiss her. She stirred once in her sleep and smiled. Jonas thought he saw her lips form his name. He left her then, and fetching the lamp from the kitchen table went outside

to make sure the rats had not returned.

Satisfied, Jonas went inside, and, blowing out the lamp, began undressing in the dark. In the morning he would put out the poisoned bait. The thing would be over then; the rats would be dead.

Jonas had not been asleep 15 minutes when he heard them again outside on the deck. He started up in his bed and stared wildly through the dark toward the open door. Against the white morning fog they were there on the deck—distinct and unmistakable. There were 12 of them again, making no noise, not moving, just sitting and staring in at Jonas like respectable little men in grey frock coats. Jonas' heart was pounding so hard now that he could hear nothing but the terrible roar of his own blood.

"Liza!" he called. "Liza!"

He heard her bare feet padding quickly across the floor to the lamp, heard the match scratch on the table top and then the yellow glare moving toward him and Eliza's blurred, pale face presently looming over his.

"My medicine. . ." Jonas gasped. "In . . . the . . . kitchen cabinet. . ."

She was gone for an instant, and then he heard the pump handle squeaking and the clink of the spoon in his tumbler and then she was back, lifting his head gently in her hands, her face frantic and twisted with fear and love for him.

He drank the liquid quickly and

presently lay back sweating in his pillow.

"I saw them," he whispered. "They came and sat out there . . . just looking at me . . . like a jury. Liza, get me my pistol. In . . . my . . . coat. . . Like a jury. . ."

The last thing he heard was Eliza's scream, and then the darkness walked through the doorway from the river and folded round him like a warm hand. . . .

Captain Gunn was there within 15 minutes, and old Doctor Bruce got out of bed and came down to the landing in his rockaway and tried to quiet Eliza. It was useless to try to help Jonas. He was dead within an hour. Doctor Bruce put Liza to bed and gave her a sedative. When she had fallen off into a troubled sleep the two men went out and stood for a moment on the deck.

"His heart was always bad," Captain Gunn said, steadying a match under the tip of his long black stogie. "He used to have these fits even when he was a boy."

Doctor Bruce laid his hand on Captain Gunn's arm.

"Gunn," he said. "It wasn't Jonas' heart that killed him. It was strychnine. He's had a dose tonight that would kill a team of mules. I'd never have thought she would do such a thing—that girl. But I guess blood's thicker than water. . . ."

Captain Gunn did not answer. He stood and listened to it as long as he could stand it, the sound the rats were making, squealing in the room behind him like a pack of happy children. •



CORPSMAN UP FRONT

Continued from page 7

for a place to hang the bottle. There was a little bush a foot or so away. I lodged it in there, and drew the rubber tubing toward Warren's body, the needle ready to find his vein.

But the Gook's head appeared again. He raised his burp gun, and shot the bottle off the limb. I cursed—he glared at me, and then disappeared. I pulled out another bottle, and went thru the same preparations. Just as I prepared to plunge the needle into Warren's vein, the Red fired again—smashing the bottle to smithereens.

This could go on all day, I thought to myself. I reached in again. This time, I cut the tube down to a tiny length, and held the bottle in my hand over the wound. I plunged the needle in and the life-giving serum flowed into Warren's body. Color returned to his face. "Thanks, Doc," he murmured. "You gonna stay with me?"

"Sure thing, Marine," I said. "You're gettin' out of here. Don't worry about that."

Right then the Gooks started to throw mortar's in. At the first pop, I grabbed Warren's bullet-proof vest—I'd pulled it off him during treatment—and threw it back on him. Then I threw myself on

top of him to shield him as much as I could.

The shelling went on for what seemed like hours. Actually it couldn't have been more than 20 minutes or so. When it lifted, I realized that the Gook might be back any second and change his mind about using live bait for my buddies. Why had I been so stupid as to use that M-1 as a splint? It was loaded, I knew. I couldn't find my scissors. I took a saw-toothed hemostat, and feverishly filed away at the yards of bandage holding it onto Warren's leg. No good.

Couldn't do that, but I could help Warren some more—I started another bottle of serum albumen into his veins.

Behind me, another corpsman had come up and was working on Leo. He was nervous. "I can't find the vein," he was shouting. "Katz, I can't find the vein."

"I can't help you. I'm in the middle of a bottle for Warren," I called back. "But wait a minute—come on over here and trade places with me. I'll work on Leo. You keep feeding the stuff to Warren." He crawled toward me, and I placed the bottle in his hands. I snaked

back to Leo just as another barrage began.

I heard a cry of pain behind me. It was the other corpsman. A jagged piece of shrapnel had sneaked under his bullet-proof vest and torn into his kidney. He was lying where I had been just a second before. I was prone, covering Leo, during the barrage, and couldn't do a thing. He was colorless. I knew I had to give him serum fast—shock had set in. I reached into my Unit One again.

Suddenly, I heard the deadly sizzle of a grenade from the boulder where the Gook had been. I looked up just in time to see it fly through the air, landing at my feet. There wasn't time to grab it. I stared, horror-struck, as it bounced toward us—then took a one-in-a-million hop on a stone—and bounded backwards.

That meant my Gook friend was a friend no more. He'd decided to get rid of me. As the grenade rolled, I grabbed Leo's M-1 and jumped behind a rock the size of a sheet of paper.

I lay there helplessly. Sure, I had an M-1. And somewhere on the table was a loaded clip. But I didn't know where. This one was empty as a bottle of saki in a Marine bunker. I was semi-hysterical by this time. The shelling, the grenades, the enemy toying with me, my hopeless situation and my inability to help a guy who needed help critically all swelled up inside me. My brain felt as though it would explode any minute.

Then overhead, I heard the roar of motors. Six Marine Corsairs were circling. I heard murmuring behind the rock barrier to my right that shielded my

buddies. They were calling back to headquarters, asking for air support. But how in the devil could they help us here? We weren't more than a few yards away from the Gooks.

The Corsairs banked and barrelled down straight for us. Their .50-calibres chattered and spat viciously. I found out later the bright orange panels our boys were carrying identified our line, but I still don't know how they kept from raking us on the table. I heard screams and cries of anguished pain from the Red positions on the reverse slope. The Corsairs came in again and again.

Over the whine of the Corsairs' engines and the noise of their machine guns, I heard the lieutenant's voice say, "Anybody in there who can still get out, get out now! We've got to leave. They're sending up reinforcements."

I waited for the next dive of the planes, and I reared up and ran. I dived over the rocks and landed on top of a Marine rifleman, almost getting his bayonet in my ribs. For a second, he looked about ready to shoot me for a Gook, but he recognized me, and we separated.

I wormed over to the lieutenant. "You can't leave yet!" I said. "Three men are still up there." He agreed, but how could we get 'em out? Two Marines had set up a machine gun, and were firing away. One of them could cover a couple of us while we were pulling the casualties out. The corpsman could still walk. He could run for it.

By this time, I was half-crying with anger. I didn't know what I was doing any more. "Cease fire!" I screamed at the machine-gunner. My voice sounded half-insane, but he stopped.

As he did, the Gook who had pinned us down reared up and made a run for it. The machine-gun had stopped, but a Marine's carbine sounded like one as he let go with the whole magazine of 30. The bullets tore into the Red and scarlet blood gushed out from a half-dozen holes, coursing down his white winter uniform, staining it with death. He threw up his arms and flopped. This man had to be dead.

"We can get them out now!" I cried. "I'll go in now!"

Llewellyn grabbed my arm. "You're not going alone," he said. We dashed through the crevice and picked up a wounded man. I thought it was Leo—he needed blood immediately. We started out. I had him by the belt, Llewellyn by the collar. We reached the edge of the rocks. Suddenly I felt an earth-shaking concussion. My grip on the wounded Marine's belt was torn off. I was pitched forward into the air and down like a feather. I landed on my face and my stomach felt as though it had been kicked in. Blood warmed my mouth. I shook my head and looked up. Llewellyn lay alongside me, Warren next to him. "Grenade," Llewellyn said. "Got me in the leg. How you feel?"

"Lousy," I said. "And we got the wrong man." "We've got to go back." We struggled up, and shook our head swoozily. We went back for Leo and got him out on a nylon stretcher with five



"Give it a kick. Sometimes that'll do it."

men, most of them wounded themselves, carrying.

Ducking low, we grabbed Leo. I got a horrible shock when I saw his face—it was blue. Shock had really set in. And he was gurgling fitfully. We grabbed him, and staggered back to the others.

"We've got to get out of here!" one man said. "Those Gooks are coming up fast all around us. Another couple of minutes and we'll be cut off. This is no outpost—they must have a whole damned battalion dug in out there."

I tell you again—I didn't know what I was doing. All I knew was if we moved Leo, we'd kill him. Now he was choking and bluer than before. I had to give him serum fast. But even that wouldn't help without artificial respiration first.

I tried to pry open his mouth—his tongue had lodged in his gullet. He was slowly choking to death. I couldn't open his mouth. Two of us tried—no good. In desperation, I grabbed a hemostat, and pried with that. I knocked out two front teeth—it was the last chance. Now I could get it. I pried open his mouth, pulled out his tongue. He shuddered slightly. There was still a slim chance. I turned him over, and began artificial respiration.

Up. Down. One. Two. Three. Up. Down. One. Two. Three. Tears streamed down my face as I worked. I had to save him. Slowly he began to breathe again.

Now it was the lieutenant again. "Katz, we can't stay here another minute. We've got to sacrifice the life of one man to save ten others. We've got to leave right now." I looked up. He was right. And maybe, just maybe there was an outside chance that Leo would live through the hike back to our lines.

We started scrambling back down the bloody slopes of ridge Y. Bullets sang around us all the way down. One of the six stretcher-bearers supported Madden, who'd been hit bad in the leg. But no one else got hit.

We kept moving fast. And Leo was breathing. Now he opened his eyes. Someone began to sing his favorite song, "Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes." The other Marines joined him. Sixteen men spread over the mountain side sang. It was a strange procession, and a wild one.

Suddenly, the singing stopped behind me. I turned my head to see why.

It was Leo. He had closed his eyes, with a kind of smile creasing the corner of his face. We gently deposited the stretcher while I checked his pulse. He was dead.

But we never left our dead behind. I picked up my corner and motioned to the others to do the same. Someone asked, "Is he dead?" They were all looking at me—all tired and suddenly unsure. We still had a long way to go. We needed a reason to keep going—all of us did. "I haven't pronounced him dead yet!" I said. "Let's get him back fast."

Suddenly, off to the right, on the path we had to follow now, I saw a terrible sight.

A stretcher lay in the middle of a knot of limp figures. Five lay in a Gook graveyard, with a sixth sprawled out on the road—blown there by a mine that evidently had gotten the others. We hurried forward.

"Doc, don't come in here!" Warren whispered. He was still alive. So was another wounded Marine. The other three were dead. I recognized the man

blown out into the road. He stirred and moaned. It was my buddy, Tiny from Massachusetts.

"Doc, don't come in here!" Warren rasped again. "It's a mine field—you'll all get blown up."

There was no way out though. Couldn't wait for mine detectors—the Gooks were right behind us. And this was the only path home, with our rear guard due along any second.

I pussyfooted in, praying all the way, with each step I took. Two Leathernecks followed me, and picked up Warren. His stretcher was tangled with wires we knew had a mine on the far end. Gingerly, they worked him loose.

I bent to pick up a wounded Marine. "Doc," he murmured. "I'm a weapons man. I know the way out of this mine field." I heaved him gently over my

shoulder, with his mouth next to my ear. "Over to the left," he muttered. "Now to the right. Now straight ahead. Easy now." I kept on praying and listening to his instructions. It didn't occur to me to ask how the first mine had blown up if he knew the way through.

Behind me, the rear guard had come up, and now with sniper bullets still flying, we carefully inched forward. Each man placed his foot with great care in the print the man before him had left. It was about as harrowing a five minutes as I've ever spent.

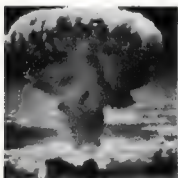
We made it. All of us did: And we made it back to our lines, too. Tiny had limped on ahead of us once we got through, and now as we reached the aid station, there he was with blood running off his head, one arm hanging limp at his side as he guzzled a can of beer he

had liberated from who knows where.

The entire company returned four days later, and I went with them. We were hot for revenge, and we got it. The company fought that whole Chink battalion to a standstill—until the Gooks turned tail and ran. They put me in for a second Silver Star. But when a grenade picked me out for a target, I got a second Purple Heart, instead.

The medics were waiting for me when I was carried back to the aid station. "The other day," they said, "a Marine came back here with his leg in a splint. And the splint was an M-1. Do you know the corpsman who rigged it up?"

I owned up to that clever piece of field surgery. "Oh, so you're the guy!" they said. "Well, for crying out loud, next time you do something like that make sure the rifle's not loaded!" •



DESPITE 2 A-BOMBS I AM STILL ALIVE

Continued from page 5

a single bomb could have wrought such havoc.

(I will say here that, as reconstructed later, the reason I was alive was because I had been between doors in the corridor. Not only did the corridor wall protect me from the blast but the outside wall, re-enforced by a heavy column, as well. A foot or two either way, as in my case at Kobe, would have spelled my doom.)

Some of the office workers were moaning for water. The glass water cooler had been shattered, but on one side of the room where a porcelain hand basin had been, a severed water pipe was still spouting water. I filled my steel helmet, and was passing it around when the thought of my wife struck me with almost as much force as the blast. I said something about being very sorry, and I rushed out.

It is odd that no one, except possibly surgeons, realizes how many holes a man has in his skull until one sees a man with all the holes exposed. The eye sockets empty, the nose burned away and the ears and the mouth just a gaping blackness. I hadn't gone a hundred yards from the office before I encountered a dozen such, floundering like blood-covered sacks. Even as I passed they flopped down, and I knew they would never get up.

I kept telling myself, "There has to be a limit. There has to be a limit." It could not have spread all the way to my house! Then I began to run.

I can only describe my mind at that time as being like a camera, opening from time to time to receive a photographic image, and then closing up tight.

I remember, for instance, turning a corner into a street filled with people whose scarlet, blistered faces resembled nothing human. They were rolling and tumbling about as though they did not know whether they were alive, dead, or insane. I do not remember passing through the street, which I must have

done, but I remember next the street car tracks near my house. Between the tracks stood a child with his skin hanging in rags from his naked body. The skin of his arms had slipped over his hands as though he were caught in the act of peeling off his gloves, and his flesh gleamed in the hot sunlight with the iridescent shimmer of a freshly caught fish.

I remember next running past a shattered stone wall inset with beautiful tiles exactly like those in my own back yard.

They could not be my tiles, of course. A house stood between my tiles and the street, so if they had been mine I would not have been able to see them.

It must have been sheer exhaustion that forced me to stop running and look about me with more than momentary glimpses. Or it could have been that I became aware of the fires. I don't really know. At any rate, I suddenly discovered myself surrounded by flames from which came exploding noises, and nowhere was a house to be seen standing. Where walls had stood were only flames.

By this time I was so numb that all I can say of the heat was that it startled me. I was beyond terror, or horror, or such other sensations as are supposed to paralyze one. So, startled, I turned and ran back the way I had come, passing scores of corpses I hadn't seen before. Maybe they hadn't been there. Maybe these were the bodies of people who had crawled out of the ruins to die. I didn't know. I was incapable of caring.

I was still convinced that even though every house in Hiroshima might have fallen, my own house would still be standing, with my wife inside anxiously awaiting my return. I came to the bank of a river—Hiroshima is built on a delta that is sliced into many neighborhoods by seven rivers—and recognized a bridge

that was still standing. From that bridge to my house was a distance of some three miles. Even now, seven years later, I find it hard to believe that I had run so long. The time now was well after noon.

Once again I turned around. I was two hours covering the distance to my house, sometimes being forced out of my way by fires, and sometimes being misled by a complete absence of identifiable streets or crossings.

Remember, I was still, even then, convinced that my house alone would still be standing. Then, simultaneously, I became aware of two things: there was not a living soul around me, and the tiles in the shattered wall marked my own back yard. From all around came the sounds of cracklings and explosions, and the wind was racing around hither and yon, yet my own impression was one of breathless stillness. My house was gone. The awareness of that fact fell upon me painfully. Where was my wife?

Unseeing I walked into my yard. Abruptly I dropped waistdeep in the ashes of my own home. Beneath the gray surface the coals glowed white hot, yet I came out unscorched. Part of that I can explain because of the thick puttees I yanked smoking from my legs, but how my thin sandals protected my feet I'll probably never know. My doctor's theory is that my feet were wet with sweat from my long run, and so were momentarily immune to the heat.

As frequently happens in moments of intense stress, my spirits flashed from deep despair to high hope. Since there was no sign of my wife in the ruins of my house and yard, quite obviously she had escaped injury. Probably she had taken shelter, the procedure being for her to seek refuge in the bomb shelter of the Prefectural Hospital, reached by dashing out our back gate and along a river bank path. I would find her there.

During the few moments it took me to reach the shelter I was hysterically happy, almost exultant. My mind was blank to the vast tragedy all around me. All I could think of was that in a matter of seconds I would be with my wife.

But my wife was not in the shelter. I began searching for her among the dead dead, among the living dead, among the

hideously disfigured, and among those who may or may not have been whole. Around me a hundred thousand people were dead or dying.

There was a pond in the park behind the hospital, and in it people, frightened by the flames of the city around them or to cool their burns, were standing. Only after looking among them for my wife did I realize that they were standing upon the bodies of those who had preceded them, that they, themselves, were dying, and that they, in turn, would be trampled by those pressing from behind.

I came again to the river and found there in a group of old women the elderly lady who was the air raid warden of our block. In answer to my question about my wife, she began to talk in a high voice as though some spring in her tongue had been suddenly released. She had, she said, called upon my wife at dawn and given her a life preserver made of bamboo tubes. As she shrilled on, I gathered that she had instructed my wife in how to don the preserver, and further informed her that in the event the enemy set the city afire with incendiary bombs, she was to jump into the river and float to safety. But once started talking, she could not stop, and after an interminable time I realized she knew nothing.

I wandered on, aware that people were crying to me for help, and equally aware of the fact that I could do nothing for them. I was wading through an ocean of human misery so vast that it was beyond my comprehension. Also beyond my comprehension was the fact that I was a microscopic part of that ocean, capable of walking erect but otherwise so numbed by shock that I had only the fixation that I must find my wife to cling to.

Once more I found myself near my home. To the heat of the day, to the sudden, violent winds that came from nowhere, to the rain that seemed to fall from a sunny sky I paid no attention. In the ruins of the house next to ours, strangely unburned, I found two girls. They had been in the backyard doing the family laundry when the rear of the house had fallen over them. I pried them out, spending what seemed hours at the task. When they stood up, apparently unhurt, I just sank to the ground, too weak to move. There I slept.

The next day it was more of the same, only worse. The hot August weather was doing frightful things to the dead, and even more terrible things to the blistered, bloated living. I went to sleep or dropped unconscious near my home, and on the morning of August 8th I was aroused by a soldier prodding me with his foot and saying, "Here's a live one."

After giving me some rice cakes and water, they heard my story and then suggested what my mind had rejected. "You have hunted everywhere for your wife but where she is most apt to be," said an officer in as kindly a voice as he could assume. "She must be in her own home. In the ashes."

They went with me to the ruins of my house where the ashes were finally cool, and they helped me dig. The digging proceeded until my hand came up with a

fragment of shell which I cast aside. The officer in charge picked it up.

"It's a sea shell," I insisted.

"Two days ago I would have agreed," he replied. "Now I know better."

So, in the intensely hot sun, with the sweat soaking through my trousers so that the ashes stuck to them like clay, we sifted through the ruins of what had been our tea room, and recovered every single fragment, no matter how tiny, of bone. I couldn't stand the thought of any vestige of my wife remaining in what had become a place of horror to me. Strangely, we found unbroken in the ruins a porcelain water pitcher which my wife, at great inconvenience to herself, had carried home on a crowded street car just a few days before. Into this pitcher, suddenly become a burial urn, we placed all that remained of her. And then I found myself left alone.

At once I was overcome with all manner of weird thoughts. Hiroshima had never been the place for my beloved Toshiko. Her home and mine was Nagasaki. Here she had been exposed only to lonesome nights during my long tours of duty. From here she had gone to Miyajima Shrine and fallen under the curse of the deity there. If she had never come to Hiroshima, she would still be her lively and lovely self. I clutched the urn to me, and now my decision was made. I would return her ashes to Nagasaki; there they could rest in peace.

Clutching the urn, I made my way to the railroad station on the west side of the city.

At Koi Station a great crowd of wounded was jammed together in a stench that was almost visible. Nevertheless, so violent was my determination that I managed to get space in the vestibule of a coach on the 3 p.m. emergency train to Nagasaki.

Because of air raid alarms, the train stopped several times, once in a tunnel near Yawata where we were safe enough from bombs, but where I practically suffocated. We did not arrive in Nagasaki until 10:30 a.m. I was astonished to find the station deserted, and my astonishment grew when I walked out into an empty street. Then I saw a red flag hanging limply in the lifeless air, a warning that an alert was on. I heard no planes, however, and after what had happened to me at Hiroshima I was too numb for normal fears. I walked on unseeing.

It was just before 11 a.m. when I reached the home of my elderly parents. They were tearfully delighted at seeing me, but at the same time alarmed because they knew I could not leave my post unless something dreadful had happened. They had heard about our bomb at Hiroshima. Not much, because the newspapers and radio had been extremely cautious about making any premature announcements, but enough to arouse the worst fears. What was more, my wife's parents had been to visit them early that morning, my mother-in-law having spent a dreadful night dreaming that her daughter was dead.

In a lifeless voice, forcing myself to mouth each word clearly, I told them she

was dead, and then asked my father what I should do about notifying her parents. I was once more in the position of a small boy asking his guidance. He said we should go at once to their house, taking the urn with us.

Toshiko's parents lived nearby on the slope of a foothill that enclosed that section of Nagasaki known as Yonohira Machi. Unlike the flat, delta city of Hiroshima, Nagasaki is divided into many parts by high ridges instead of rivers. The road from my parents' house to Toshiko's followed one of these ridges just below the crest, and my father and I were hurrying through the dust of this when, for the second time in my life, I saw that terrifying white glare.

The capacity of the human being to learn fast has been under-estimated. Within the space of a micro-second I had shouted, "This is it," hurled my father to the ground and flung myself beside him on the road. My precious urn I held beneath me.

Tensely I waited for I knew not what. Then came the sound that stunned the ears, and with it a rush of wind that I thought would tear the clothes from our backs if not lift us from the ground. Then the wind was gone, and the sound seemed to be climbing up into the sky where it could do no harm. Or so I thought as we lay there, sheltered from the blast by the crest of the ridge.

Actually our escape was even more narrow than that. So close were we to the crest that only a single outcropping



of rock about the size of a shack stood between us and the greatest inferno ever unleashed upon human beings. Its shadow, and only its shadow, saved us from being charred in our tracks.

The rumble, or that small part of it that we were able to hear, went on and on. A great cloud appeared, blotting out the sun and darkening the earth. Heavy drops of water fell on us and pitted the dust around us. I do not know how long we lay there.

When we did get up, my first awareness was of people covered with blood rushing, screaming from their houses. My second was that my urn was empty. I was gazing at it blankly when my father grasped my arm roughly and said, "There will be a time for that. Our task now is with the wounded."

We raced first to the home of my dead wife's parents. They were stunned but unscratched and, in that dazed but uncomprehending fashion, they asked of their daughter's health. They were undisturbed when I forced myself to tell them of her death. The impact of my information would sink in later. Now we had my mother to think of.

In the midst of horror, some things come as a delightful shock. With my father gasping beside me, we rounded the corner from which our house should be visible. It was not there, but still we pounded on. Into the yard we raced—right up to the stone foundations. Behind the front pile of brick we found my mother, but we were to hear her before we were to see her. The Japanese, in time of stress, are credited with being a silent race, but if so, my mother is an exception. Her house had been blown right out from under her, and as she

squatted in the ruins she was saying in loud and positive terms that she didn't like it a bit. In fact, she was raising quite a commotion. Even my father, whom I had never seen uncertain before, waved his hands helplessly.

She was not hurt except in her pride. Like everyone else, she thought hers was the only house that had been bombed, and she dreadfully feared that she would have lost face with her neighbors if they had seen her sitting bedraggled in the midst of her ruins. As soon as she began to grasp the totality of the catastrophe, she was working tirelessly to give aid.

Toward evening the refugees from the neighborhoods of Urakami and Shiro-yama were passing our ruined house in endless numbers. It was the bleeding hordes of Hiroshima all over again. Some were clad only in tatters of their own skin. Others came with the marks on their bodies where their clothes had been. The ablest supported others, or pushed them on handcars. Few knew where they were going. They only knew they had to get away. We could only give them water and meaningless words of cheer.

It was no effort for me to visualize the horror they had left behind. Nor could I bring myself to go up over the ridge to look down upon the fiery hell that lay beyond. Later I was to learn that in sheer awfulness, Nagasaki surpassed Hiroshima. The very hills that had kept the blast from spreading over a wide area, as in Hiroshima, had served to concentrate its power and heat upon an area immediately beneath it.

Sometime the next day, after working through the night with the refugees, I collapsed in the yard of a neighbor. They thought I had the "bomb sickness"

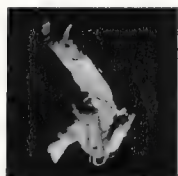
and carried me home, but if I did, it was only a touch. Actually I was close to total exhaustion. In four days I had eaten less than a dozen thin rice wafers. I had been knocked about by two atomic bomb explosions. I had wandered night and day through the flattened, flaming debris of a great city, past mounds of corpses that turned before my eyes from scarlet to green. I had seen such horrors that the mind at last rejects everything, vomiting out what the eye would take in.

For ten days I lay in a world that exists somewhere between reality and hallucination. I had one recurring vision of startling vividness. In it I lay in the dust of the road, clutching the funeral urn of my wife to my bosom. Then a vast cloud, larger than a thousand typhoons, would rush toward me with a roar, and into its howling vortex would be drawn the ashes of my wife. Higher and higher they would be drawn, like a soft cloud, until they merged at last with the atomic dome that flashed, and flamed, and thundered above the ashes of Nagasaki.

The vision terrified me, but later, when I saw the thousands of urns containing the cremated remains of the unidentified dead, I drew some comfort. At least my wife's ashes would be mingled, inextricably and forever, with the ashes of her beloved city.

A few days after I was able to move around, on August 27th, troops of the U.S. Army landed at Atsugi Airport near Tokyo. The war was over. Funeral pyres for the 120,000 dead in Hiroshima and the 75,000 dead in Nagasaki were still sending their clouds of black smoke into the sky. The stench of death clung to the cities like a foul mist.

But peace was begun. •



I HAVE THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS HOBBY

Continued from page 23

mostly from across the border, waiting patiently for the fog to lift.

We climbed into his old open-cockpit BT-13 and winged into the most fantastic world I'd ever seen—1,500 feet of solid soup, so thick we could just dimly see the ends of our outstretched arms.

We flew five miles, ten miles—didn't know how many miles. And suddenly I wanted nothing more in the world than to jump. Didn't matter where in blue blazes I landed—Mexico, the Rio Grande; or in a patch of mesquite. That old bug had bitten, and I had to do it.

I signaled Russ to get ready to lose his passenger, and he shook his head as though I were nuts—and then grinned and pointed to himself as though, come to think of it, he'd like to go along with me. Then he steadied the old BT, and out on the wing I clambered, and jumped.

Instantly I was in another world—a strange milky-white world where my legs ended at the knees and my arms at the

wrists. I enjoyed a strange intoxicated feeling I can't describe—as though this was a kingdom all my own. I laughed and began to sing, "Every Cloud Has Got A Silver Lining." To think I was being paid for this—hot damn!

There I was floating down in the milkiest soup I'd ever seen. It was a great feeling, and I was probably the happiest character for hundreds of miles either side of the border, when suddenly a faint throbbing off to my left and below chopped my daydreams into smithereens.

It grew louder, and suddenly I knew what it was—a plane, and from the sound of it, a big one. What's more, it was coming straight at me.

With that chute billowing 25 feet above me, I was a big target, and I knew it. Sure, if they could see me, it would be OK—like the time at Hensley Field on Air Force Day, when a B-36 and six escorting P-51's had opened formation to dodge

around me. This time I wasn't gonna be so lucky. As far as this pilot was concerned, I was the Invisible Man.

There wasn't much I could do. At my rate of fall, I must be at about 500 feet. That meant this must be a transport—maybe the same Trans-Texas ship I'd come in on the day before—coming in on instruments for a blind landing.

Down below, Carl had flight schedules on every airline operating at the field. But damn it—this jump was spur of the moment. I hadn't thought to look at them.

Still no ship in sight—and maybe it wouldn't even be close. But just the same, my eyes bugged out like beer barrels, straining in the direction of those roaring motors. I waited, and hoped, ready to do I didn't know what if she came at me. Anything but be cut in two by a wing, or chopped into shreds by a prop.

And it wouldn't just be me. The chute was bound to foul the ship's props. The plane and the whole pack of passengers would be killed. What a story this would make for the newspapers! And it would put every chutist in the business out of the business—the C.A.A. would ban stunt jumps like a shot.

Amazing how many and what crazy thoughts raced through my mind in those few seconds of waiting. And then I saw it coming straight toward me. It was the

biggest damn DC-3 I'd ever seen—at that moment about twice the size of a B-36, and getting bigger by the second.

Brother, those were the most frightening moments of my life. I've jumped a lot of times, and landed in a lot of tight spots, but brother, this was it!

Where to go was the question. Down would be the end. Sideways? Nope—no time to sideslip. There was just one way to go—and gravity wasn't gonna stop me. I grabbed my risers and climbed as high up the shrouds as I possibly could—clawing like a drowning man.

How much good it did I don't know. In high school, I never had understood the point of chinning in the gymnasium. But now I chinned for dear life, grabbing as far up as I could, tugging my body as high as I could drag it. And folding my feet under my butt like a pretzel.

Yep, it missed me all right. It had to, or I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. When it roared by, I mean I was shaking and quaking like a cottonwood in a twister. A tingle in my left heel didn't bother me a bit—I figured the tail group had maybe grazed me in passing. But who cared—the important thing was it had passed.

I was the happiest guy in the world—so happy I plumb forgot about the backwash—which hit my chute like a hurricane when I wasn't ready for it.

I was off to the rat-races again. The chute buckled, hesitated, and capsized—and there I was with a streamer. I pulled hard on the left risers, then the right, as I plummeted toward the invisible ground. Streamers weren't new to me. Compared to that DC-3, this was a picnic. If this chute didn't open, I still had my stomach pack. But with any kind of luck I could right it. And I did.

The last 100 feet were wonderful. I floated down, my knees still knocking together in time with my pounding heart.

Then 20 or so feet below me I saw something black and square. Probably a hangar roof. I didn't have the time to avoid it, and by this time I was too damn nervous and tired to care. I half-heartedly tried to side slip—and landed smack on it, realizing immediately that it wasn't a hangar but some kind of platform.

There was no wind at all stirring the thick cream all around me, and my chute drooped gently down and draped over me and the platform. I reached for the



"You mean . . . for two years I've been cooped up!"

pole standing dimly a few feet from me. I laughed weakly—and it sounded funny, and magnified. It was magnified all right. I'd landed on the announcer's platform. In my hand was his microphone. And about the last thing in the world I felt like doing was making a speech.

But the laugh carried out to the crowd waiting for the show. Carl Crawford dashed toward the platform, surprised as a man could be. "What in the hell," he sputtered, "are you doing here? Aren't you a little ahead of schedule?"

I explained my little argument with the DC-3, and about that time the roar of motors signaled its landing just a few hundred yards away at the Administration Building. I hopped off the platform—and tripped flat on my face. Even thru the soup I could see what had happened. I reached down and tore loose a dangling 2-inch strip of heel and sole the DC-3's tail group had sliced off. Damn—it would make a fine souvenir.

Carl and I groped our way to greet the pilot. "Say," I told him as he stepped

down the ramp, "you like to had yourself a hitch-hiker a few minutes ago."

He was puzzled. I'd almost washed out the lives of him and his ten passengers, and he hadn't even known I was there.

The past two years, my wife's talked me into cutting down my jumping to once every two or three weeks. When she reads this story and learns of the scrapes I've never told her about, she'll probably double her efforts. But I'm only 35. And an old boy up East made headlines last year with a jump on his 80th birthday, so I must have a jillion jumps left yet.

One of these days—maybe after I buy a new Cadillac off a couple-dozen weekend jumps—I'll make Dorothy happy by giving up my chuting, and substitute tinkering with the car. But hell—that's on the dangerous side. Don Ort, a buddy of mine who used to do a double-wing jump with me, crawled under his car one Sunday afternoon for repairs. A chain-hoist slipped and broke his back. So maybe I'll just stick to a safe and sane hobby—stunt parachuting! •



MY PLANE WAS HIJACKED

Continued from page 19

on his wrist. In the end, the best Gaston could do was to reduce the plane's speed to a sluggish 120 mph. When Ang questioned this stalling maneuver, Gaston explained that it was necessary to save gas, and with that Ang had to be satisfied.

At no moment did Ang's cocked pistol leave Gaston's head. Once Gaston

thought he might have a chance. By juggling his throttles, he succeeded in getting an engine so rough that he declared a crash was imminent. He ordered Ang to put on a life jacket while he himself donned the jacket hung ready at the back of his seat. Ang did put on the jacket, but he shifted his gun from hand

to hand as he did so, and his deadly gaze did not waver for so much as a split second.

The maneuvers of Gaston to deceive the gunman were the brave efforts of a heroic man to save his aircraft, and as such they fill me with sincere admiration. But as one of the passengers who sat in a sputtering, floundering airplane a few hundred feet above the middle of the China Sea, I can assure you that the experience is one that has put permanent scars on my soul. By this time we didn't care if the killer was watching us or not. We got up and donned life jackets.

At 2:30 p.m. we passed over several islands and then over the coast of the

mainland of China. We were flying so low that we could practically read the Communist banners hung in the village market places.

Suddenly Mr. Baranda motioned excitedly to me. He had sighted a fighter plane coming up fast on our right. I jumped to a rear window on the left and spotted another plane closing in.

Suddenly I gave a joyful shout. "Nationalist!" I shouted, and began waving my handkerchief frantically. The fighter pilot came in so close that we could smile at each other. I waved and he waved back. This was real friendly, but it was getting us nowhere. Somehow we had to let these pilots of the Chinese Nationalist Air Force know we were in trouble.

It was Mr. Baranda who hit upon the brilliant idea of an SOS signal. Upon a white seat cover and with a lipstick borrowed from Miss Barrera, he wrote out "SOS-US" and held it up to his window. I quickly did the same on the left side of the plane. The pilot wagged his wings in understanding, and then pulled ahead, out of our sight. A moment later we felt our pilot waggle his wings, and we assumed that he was signaling that he would follow to some friendly base.

But we kept on flying. Once our motors were cut so far back that we went into a glide and came so low over a rice paddy that we braced ourselves for a crash. The motors came on full again, but we still continued on at low altitude. Then in the distance I heard the crash of anti-aircraft fire. I tried to calm my nerves by telling myself that we were being fired upon by Red air batteries, and that our pilot was hedge-hopping to remain below their range. I don't know why the thought should have been a comforting one unless it indicated that our unknown killer in the flight compartment wanted no more part of the Reds than we did.

Again we caught sight of the Nationalist fighter planes closing in from behind but this time their air of friendly investigation was gone. They were coming in fast and with purpose. Fire spurted from their wing guns. Holes popped up in our wings. Holes so close to our cabin

that they perforated our wing roots. Quite clearly the fighter pilots meant us to follow them in or else.

I stared at the holes in the wings above the gas tanks, and waited for the flames to break out. None came.

At 3:15 p.m., after flying over land and water and land again so many times we had no idea of where we were, our spirits were suddenly lifted miraculously when the sign over the door to the pilot's compartment suddenly flashed: "No Smoking. Fasten Seat Belts." For the first time in hours we were able to feel there was someone flying the plane who actually cared about the passengers.

The landing came as a shock. We had been flying so low, wave-hopping over water and hedge-hopping over land, that when we did touch down, it was more as though we had finally crashed than settled on a runway. I hadn't felt the pilot lower the wheels, and of course had no idea there was an airport nearby.

Now that we were on the ground and the fear of crashing relieved, an even greater fear returned with the violence of an electric shock. Who would come out of that door?

Outside, inches away, was freedom and life. Behind that door could be a suicidally desperate man, willing to kill us all, and himself with us, rather than fall into the hands of the Nationalists. We waited, my muscles tensed for the spring that might save or finish us.

The door opened. For the first time I noticed the violent contrast between the modern painting of a worker stripping Manila hemp that covered the front bulkhead, including the door, and the corpse that lay at its base. Co-Pilot Gaston came into view. He looked calm. He stepped carefully over the legs of the corpse, and came down the aisle. Imperceptibly I relaxed. At least we had no wild maniac charging into our midst.

Behind Gaston came the youth in the leopard-cloth jacket. He was walking indolently, his hands nonchalantly in his coat pockets. No guns were in sight. Outside there were armed Nationalist soldiers clamoring for the door to be opened,

but the youth seemed to be absolutely sure that he would be welcomed with open arms. He was even smiling a little.

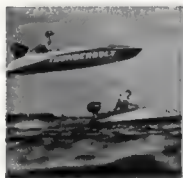
Gaston opened the door, lowered the stairs, and stepped out. The killer sauntered after him. We started to follow, but at once a guard motioned us back to our seats. Through our windows we could see Gaston being questioned a hundred yards or so away. Ang Tiu Chok was wandering around curiously, and then started back to enter the plane. At once we motioned, somewhat wildly, for the Chinese guards to seize him. A group closed in, not clearly understanding us, but they did lead him away.

At this point Ho Te, the Chinese father who had sat passively through it all, got up and talked briefly with our guards. Almost at once we were allowed to leave the plane, though not until after we had been searched for arms. Military police took us to their compound not far from the airport. And there we learned what had happened.

We were, they told us, at the airport of the city of Quemoy on the island of Chinmen. The island, only 15 miles from the Communist-held city of Amoy, was a stronghold of Free China, and we were truly safe and free. Looking around him at the bleakness that amounted to little more than a desert island, Mr. Baranda declared fervently, "This is the most beautiful piece of real estate I have ever seen in my life."

Gaston, we learned, had pulled a masterpiece of strategy in bringing us safely to Chinmen. After pointing out the city of Amoy, which the young killer recognized, he brought him into the Chinmen airport with the explanation that it was the Communist airport closest to the city. Firmly convinced that he was at last in the hands of Reds who would be delighted with his gift of an airplane and two dead airmen, he had strolled out confidently and into the hands of the Nationalist army. He is still in their hands at this writing, but Philippine justice is moving to get him in the end.

As for the rest of us, our flight back to Manila was—"routine!" •



BEST OUTBOARDS FOR '53

Continued from page 31

does it necessarily indicate that the higher priced motor will be far superior. The use to which the motor is to be put should govern your choice, not only as to horsepower but also as regards design characteristics. In design characteristics a wide range of value and personal choice is involved.

For a minimum of operational and upkeep cost, the single-cylinder, air-cooled Elgin, rated at 3.76 horsepower and selling through Sears Roebuck, at considerably less than \$100, would be a good buy,

provided high speed performance and heavy working characteristics are not needed. The price of this motor matches its design characteristics, which are simplicity personified. A rope sheave is used for starting, simple, trouble-free, but a little more work for the user than the automatic rewind models. The engine is set up in bronze bearings, which means that crankshaft, connecting rod throws, propeller shaft and other rapidly rotating parts turn in bronze sleeves. Naturally more friction can be expected and more

wear than with ball and roller bearings. In time the bronze sleeves will become sloppy and vibration will set in. Remember, too, that a single cylinder motor is not well suited for trolling purposes, as greater vibration occurs at slow speed. But for a buyer who wants an inexpensive, dependable motor for a light boat with potential speeds in the 5 or 6 mile per hour range, the one cylinder Elgin is a good buy. This one-lunger is sort of the Model T of the 1953 outboard line.

At the opposite end of the bracket, in the Cadillac class of the outboard motors field, would be the Evinrude Big Twin or the Johnson Sea Horse 25. Both of these motors sell for \$300 more than the tiny Elgin. But you are getting a lot of motor for that \$300 difference.

Here are some of the features you may expect: speed of over 30 m.p.h. on large luxury runabouts; gear shifts which per-

mit starting your motor at the dock in neutral and shifting, when you are ready, into either forward or reverse. Rather than in bronze bushings, components such as connecting rods, which are of fine forged steel and may be expected to last the life of the motor, rotate in needle bearings (fine, pencil-lead-thick hardened steel rollers) which offer far less friction and longer life. Heavier roller bearings are used in the crankshaft; there is a more careful balancing of reciprocating parts; such items as spring mounting of the powerhead to the lower unit and rubber mounts in the powerhead itself further reduce annoying vibrations.

More careful attention to treatment of underwater parts against corrosion can also be expected, as can other important refinements such as rubber shock mountings in the lower unit for added propeller protection and more carefully refined metals in cylinders, crankcase and pistons.

Slow trolling speeds without stalling or vibration are just as satisfactory with either of these two big motors as are flashing, powerful, show-off performances.

For the occasional boater who will put less than 40 hours actual underway boating time on his rig in a summer, buying a Johnson or Evinrude 25 horsepower job would be a foolish outlay of money. But for the boater who's looking for all the characteristics of quality built into a potent job, either of these two motors would be a good bet.

The occasional boater needs a moderately lightweight motor which he would find somewhere in the 4 to 7½ horsepower range of any of the major manufacturers listed.

You'll do well to buy a motor from a dealer you know can offer a ready supply of spare parts and good service. If for example you plan to buy a Sea Bee, Buccaneer, Royal, Sea King or Spiegel, you'll find that all of these have interchangeable parts. You will note in our chart that these engines are made in three models, 3, 5 and 12 horsepower. Prices listed are those for the Sea Bee and a slight variation in price of the different models, based largely on exterior trim rather than functional parts, will be encountered.

But, in general, a broken part from a 3 horsepower Sea Bee can be replaced by the same part from any one of the other named motors for they are all of the same basic design and they all are made by Gale Products.

Unique among today's outboards is the Lauson, the only four cycle outboard motor manufactured.

It has an excellent reputation for durability, dependability and economy of operation, but Lauson would definitely not be recommended for high speed performance by either the manufacturer or the author.

Some buyers have unusual problems which the manufacturers have already foreseen. The transom height of boats designed to take outboard motors ranging from the prams to the big outboard cruisers is a standard 15". However, some

boatmen want an outboard motor for use on a fishing dory on the ocean. In any but exceedingly calm weather, dory characteristics will cause the boat to lift high over waves and the owner may find, to his annoyance, that the propeller will intermittently be lifted free of the water. A longer-than-standard driveshaft housing answers this problem.

All Johnson outboards are available with 5" extra-long driveshafts. The same applies to Evinrude and Mercury. Any of these three manufacturers' motors, equipped with the extra-length housings, may also be used on hydrofoil boats.

In the larger size outboard motors for family use, the trend is toward gear shift models for greater ease and flexibility in docking.

This feature should prove to be a particularly good safety factor on the Lauson since the reverse gear can be used as a brake.

Remotely located fuel tanks are a feature, too, of most of the larger 1953 makes.

Several advantages are offered by this remote storage. Most obvious is the greater cruising range without the necessity of fueling. The nearly standardized tank size is the 6 gallon. Freedom from spilled fuel is an added advantage.

Another plus for the separate fuel tank is in the lower motor weight made possible by the elimination of the fuel tank from the powerhead. With gasoline weighing about 7 lbs. to the gallon, a large capacity fuel tank on the powerhead can add to the difficulty of carrying the motor to the boat— but, of course, who's silly enough to carry a completely fueled outboard motor when it is just as simple to fuel at the dock.

The final advantage is in lowering the

center of gravity and thus offering at least a slight degree of greater safety and better maneuverability.

Don't be unduly prejudiced by the streamlining or lack of streamlining in the covering of the powerhead of an outboard motor. The contouring of this covering will probably make less difference in your overall speed than the addition of a thermos jug of coffee or two or three extra lead sinkers in your tackle box. Streamlining is mainly for eye-appeal and at times when a spark plug fouls or you want to get at the carburetor to clean a stopped up fuel line, it is simply an additional pain in the neck. Evinrude has gotten around this handily with their easy to unsnap motor cover, termed the "auto-lift hood."

Scott-Atwater and several of the other manufacturers have also worked out the hood problem neatly with just a few screws to contend with. And while it may seem a bit gadgety, Scott-Atwater also has a handy spare spark plug holder, sheer pin and cotter pin stowage under the hood.

Flambeau boasts a unique characteristic with its one-piece patented housing that, with the removal of a few bolts, permits complete access to both powerhead and lower unit.

In some of its models, Mercury has a handy screwdriver stowage in the throttle control and steering handle. The big highspeed Mark 40 has a spring-mounted safety throttle which, will automatically cut off the motor if a boatsman is unfortunate enough to be tossed out on a highspeed turn or when bounding over some high waves.

All in all, 1953 shows wonderful refinements in almost every manufacturers' line of products in what they have to offer the consumer market. •



"I'm sorry I can't stay and watch this. Reader's Digest strongly recommends that one washes one's teeth immediately after every meal."



WHAT'S YOUR BEST BUY IN A SUMMER SUIT?

Continued from page 55

suits. A lined Palm Beach is \$36. Modern Palm Beach suits are no longer just "ice-cream" suits; they come in medium and dark shades for office use or formal wear. However, the unlined Palm Beach, which is the coolest and most easily-washable suit of the line, is not as fully tailored as tropical worsteds and rayons generally are. The more expensive "Springweave" suit made by Palm Beach (\$45) has a higher proportion of the better-grade mohair and is tailored to more closely resemble a fine, tropical worsted.

MEDIUM-PRICED SUITS

Orlon-Rayon: A tropical suit of 60 per cent rayon and 40 per cent Orlon will cost a typical \$37.50-\$40. Orlon resembles wool more than rayon does, and a blend of Orlon with rayon makes a more durable, stable fabric than rayon alone. It dries quickly when wet.

Dacron-Rayon: Dacron (\$40-\$45) is one of the most wear-resistant fibers on the market—stronger even than its brother synthetic fibers nylon and Orlon. A blend of Dacron and rayon makes a durable suit with exceptional stability and shape retention. The Dacron content also helps keep a rayon suit from puckering in humid weather. It's a good choice for a man who will give a summer suit rugged everyday wear, and also for husky guys who tend to frazzle through their pants at thighs, knees and seat.

Tropical Worsted: This is the light-weight, porous wool suit that was standard summer wear until synthetic fibers were introduced. A tropical worsted is one of the best-looking summer suits because of the natural resilience of wool, except when it's wet. You can pay as little as \$35 for a tropical worsted and as much as \$75—all depending on the quality of material and tailoring. The costlier ones are generally two-ply worsted, or should be at those prices. Two-ply worsted is made of two strands tightly twisted together, which makes a more durable fabric. You can easily tell a two-ply by pulling out a yarn from the raw edge of the trouser cuff and untwisting it to see if it's two strands or just one. One-ply wor-

sted may be quite satisfactory for a suit that doesn't have to withstand a daily wearing.

Another tip: avoid worsteds that look shiny to start with. They'll "shine" quickly. Good-quality worsteds are dull in appearance.

Incidentally, gabardine is *not* cool even in summery colors.

Orlon-Worsted: Newest of the synthetic blends—not all stores will carry it this summer. In some cases, the blend is a 50-50 mix. Some of these suits also contain 15 per cent mohair. Orlon-worsted suits haven't been tried yet in the crucible of public experience, but manufacturers and mill men who have experimented with them say they make one of the lightest-weight suits you can buy—cool, durable, with good wrinkle resistance. You'll be able to buy them for as little as \$50. Those containing mohair are generally tagged \$55-\$60. All the signs indicate this number may turn out to be a top buy.

EXPENSIVE

All-Dacron: This is the acme of summer suits (\$80-\$90). A Dacron suit is one of the coolest. Because of the tough strength of the yarn it can be woven into very light fabrics. Like wool, it's got a lot of resiliency.

Dacron retains its creases when wet—in fact, almost indefinitely. One man reported he wore a Dacron suit 67 days without a pressing. You can wash out spots and sweat marks from these suits, without need for pressing.

One annoyance about Dacron that manufacturers are working to eliminate is its tendency to form little pills of fiber—a kind of roughing up of the surface of the material. Also, if you are a smoker, better be sure not to drop any bits of burning tobacco on an all-Dacron suit—they'll melt holes in your otherwise miracle suit.

While the price of a Dacron suit is still high, there's hope for the future. All the new wonder fabrics start out costly but drop substantially as production expands. **Dacron-Worsted:** A 50-50 blend of Dacron and tropical worsted makes another fine, but expensive suit (\$80). The Da-

cron adds wrinkle resistance to the worsted and also wet stability. The wool blend lessens its tendency to "pill."

So much for the different types.

Now, we'll tip you off to a few tests professional clothing buyers use to make sure a fabric is wrinkle-resistant and durable, label or no label. Grasp a handful of the fabric and then release it. A good fabric will resume its shape without showing wrinkles. Also, pull the fabric both ways. A poor fabric stretches. A good one stays firm.

The quality of the tailoring is important, too. A suit that's been cut and pieced carefully, and has at least some hand tailoring, will hold its shape better. When you try on the trousers, see if the crease follows the lengthwise grain of the fabric as it should. Try on the jacket and observe whether the crosswise grain of the fabric is truly horizontal across your shoulders. The sleeves should hang straight, with the crosswise yarns parallel to the floor and the lengthwise yarns vertical.

It's harder to tell if a suit is hand-tailored. You can detect it at the point where the collar joins the lapel, at the buttonholes, and where the waistband is joined with the top of the pants. Hand stitching is irregular and crude in appearance in contrast to the regularity and evenness of machine stitching.

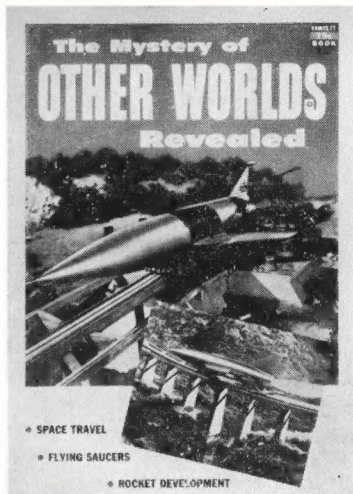
Not that a machine-stitched suit is to be sneered at, especially for summer. Machine work probably outlasts handwork, and costs less, too. But if appearance is, ultra important even on the doggiest days, a hand-stitched suit will have a more shapely "hang."

Trouser pockets offer another clue to how much care the manufacturer took in producing the suit. Pull the pockets out. They should be made of a closely-woven cotton twill with the edges turned under and tightly stitched. Too, make sure there are generous seams in the trousers to avoid strain.

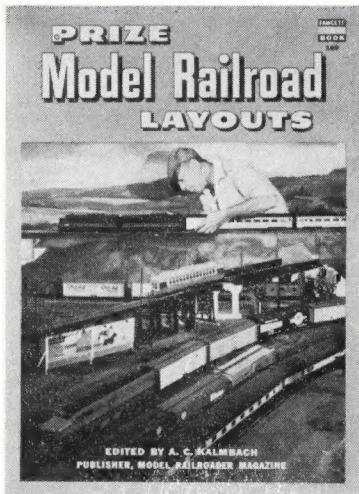
Incidentally, if your wife likes to supervise when you pick out a suit, you be the one to decide how it fits. Invariably a woman will try to stuff her man into a suit that's too tight. A suit that fits properly not only looks better but lasts longer. A tight suit gets pulled out of shape and strains at the seams.

So let your wife wear the tight suits—she'll look better in them than you. Maybe even leave her at home, tight suit and all, while you go shopping for your own summer suit—man style. •

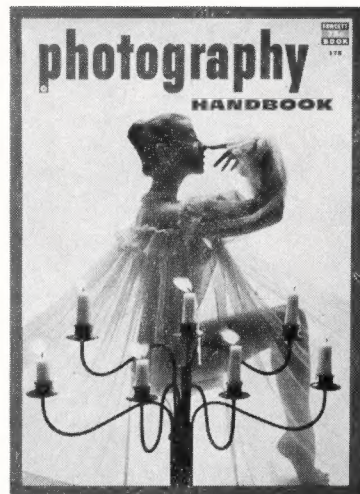




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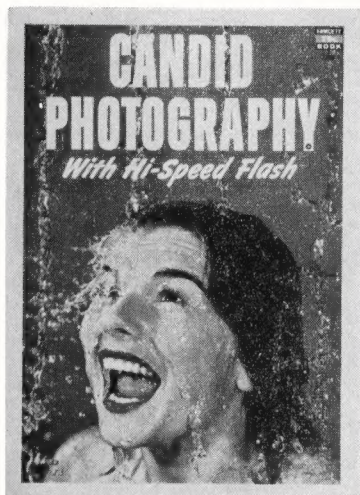
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